

THE BEAUTY  
OF THE GREAT KING.

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W. POOLE BALFERN

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THE

BEAUTY OF THE GREAT KING,

And other Poems,

FOR

THE HEART AND HOME.

BY

W. POOLE BALFERN.

*Author of "Glimpses of Jesus," "Lessons from Jesus," &c., &c.*

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LONDON:

JAMES CLARKE, AND CO., 13, FLEET STREET, E.C. ;  
HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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1869.

LONDON :  
PRINTED BY ALABASTER AND PASSMORE,  
31 LITTLE BRITAIN, E.C.



## PREFACE.

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**M**OST of these poems were written when the writer was laid aside from preaching the gospel by ill health : under such circumstances, it was a solace to him to take down his harp from the willows and try to ring out a few notes of praise to HIM, who, although He may afflict His servants for a time, never forsakes them ; and the result of these musings, which run through a number of years, is the volume now presented to the reader.

The author's hope is, that the Great Master, who deigns to bless all the efforts He inspires, however feeble, will own these rhymes to further the progress of His gospel, and the refreshment of His people.







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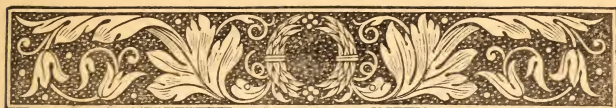


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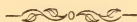
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## The Beauty of the Great King.



ECCE HOMO AND ECCE DEUS.

“Thou art fairer than the children of men.”—Psalm xlv. 2.

“Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh.”—

1 Timothy i. 16.



GOD of gods, O Light of lights,  
O King supremely fair,  
Our sin-dimmed eye, though filled with love,  
Thy glory scarce can bear!

O Brightness of the Father's face,  
O Son, supremely blest;  
O Fountain of eternal grace,  
Our refuge, home, and rest!

O Lord of Israel's ransomed host,  
In power and essence One;  
With God the Father—Holy Ghost,  
The self-existent Son.

O Mystery of mysteries,  
O Sea without a shore—  
Great Lord, with awe we worship Thee—  
We worship and adore!

- O Ancient of eternal days,  
O Babe in Bethlehem born—  
O Sun of ever-streaming rays,  
O Rose without a thorn !
- O Prince of Sorrow, Lord supreme  
Of love's own anguish deep ;  
O Bleeding Heart, whose love once seen,  
Makes even rocks to weep !
- O Crownéd Head, all pierced and torn ;  
O Shepherd, bruised and slain ;  
O Patient Lamb, exposed and shorn,  
Yet free from spot and stain !
- O Brother, born with bleeding feet,  
And head exposed and bare !  
To tread our path, our foes to meet,  
Our sorrow and despair.
- O Morning Star, whose silver ray  
Oft cheered the Patriarchs' sight ;  
Whose brightness turned their night to day  
And tinged their clouds with light.
- O Living Vine, of fruitful root,  
So pierced and pruned of old ;  
Whose vital sap yields living fruit  
In hearts both dead and cold.
- O Living Bread, immortal food,  
Of faith her strength and life ;  
O Dove, whose voice of gentle mood  
Heals all our bitter strife !

O Day-Spring from on high, whose light  
Spreads gently through the soul,  
Whose beams of mercy chase our night,  
And make the conscience whole.

O Righteous Advocate, whose voice  
Doth for the poor prevail,  
Plead Thou my cause, make me rejoice  
When doubts and fears assail.

O Bridegroom of a fallen bride,  
So faithful, true, and brave ;  
Who, through death's deep and crimson flood,  
Went forth Thy spouse to save.

O Root of Jesse, David's Lord,  
O Plant of great renown ;  
O Israel's Buckler, Shield and Sword,  
The Christian's joy and crown.

O Prince of Peace, whose word heals strife—  
Ruler of Israel—Rock ;  
The Wisdom, Way, the Truth, and Life  
Of Thy redeeméd flock.

O God of Glory—Lord of all,  
Of Heaven's own bliss the King ;  
Each tribe on this terrestrial ball  
Thy praises yet shall sing.



## INVOCATION.



HIDDEN Life ! O Sun of Love !

Dart forth some quick'ning ray ;

O chase this coldness from my heart,

And turn my night to day.

O raise this drooping, earth-bound soul,

Call home each vagrant thought ;

O let my heart find rest in Thee,

And love Thee as I ought.

O Life of all Thy children's faith,

Without Thy quick'ning breath

The soul drops downwards—downwards, Lord,

To darkness and to death.

What is there in this world of ours

Should Thy sweet love depart,

Or what remains when Thou art gone

To heal life's bitter smart ?

O hope of all who know Thy name,

O joy of all the meek,

Come Thou and make my heart Thy home,

Bid faith Thy love to seek.

O help my willing, feeble heart,

Thy wondrous love to sing ;

Let all my powers, at best but weak,

To Thee their homage bring.





THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

(Luke ii. 7.)



SAY not poverty is sin,  
Or that the poor are vile ;  
For Christ the Lord, and heaven's own King,  
Bestows on such His smile.

He, Fount of Honour, Lord Supreme,  
Did not despise the poor ;  
But in His advent to our world,  
Passed through a manger's door.

He stooped from heaven, His lofty throne,  
To seek our mean abode ;  
He veiled His glory 'neath our flesh,  
To tread life's rugged road.

No room beneath the courtly roof  
For this sweet babe was found ;  
Our Saviour drew His infant breath  
With toil and want around.

In majesty and power supreme,  
He bowed His sacred head,  
To where the meanest of our race  
Gazed on His lowly bed.

His mother poor, her first-born child  
Clasp'd to her loving breast,  
Where oxen and the lowing kine  
Received her as their guest.

O stoop of love ! O holy Child !  
O blessed mother—poor !  
All heaven's own glory meekly waits  
Beside that manger's door.

Waits ! Yes, in peace and rich content,  
In helpless, sweet surprise ;  
Down, down so low in pain and woe,  
That we through them might rise.

O fathers poor, O mothers weak,  
O children nursed in care,  
Lift up your eyes, see Jesus poor,  
And yield not to despair.

And shall we now shrink back with fear  
From poverty or woe,  
While we can trace Christ's blessed feet,  
Mark all the path we go ?

Shall we lift up our heads and scorn  
The lowly—oft the just,  
Because we live with plenty crowned,  
While they oft want a crust ?

Forbid it, Lord ! O may Thy birth  
Our spirit oft renew,  
As gazing on Thy Infant form  
We see the poor but true.



CHILDHOOD OF CHRIST.

(Luke iii. 52.)



AY not that infant minds are weak,  
Too weak to know the Lord ;  
That youthful hearts can never yield  
A pure seraphic chord.

For Christ Himself in favour grew  
With God as well as men ;  
His life gave forth such heavenly notes,  
His foes exclaimed, Amen.

His early days were rich in grace,  
His youthful heart was strong ;  
For God's own Spirit kept the place,  
As sped His days along.

His youthful power, attuned by love,  
Gave forth a constant strain ;  
Heaven listened with a ravished ear,  
And wished to hear again.

O beauteous soul ! O youthful seer !  
Exemplar of our youth !  
O may our children seek to have  
Thy purity and truth.

The feeblest star that gems the night,  
Oft gives us cheering rays ;  
The smallest flower oft scents the air,  
Which round our temples plays.

The winding stream, which hidden flows,  
Can tinge the sands with green ;  
The little dew-drop on the grass  
Reflect the dazzling sheen ;

And children here, though weak and small,  
 Whose minds are touched by grace,  
 Can so reflect the mind of God,  
 We Christ's own features trace.

---

### POVERTY OF CHRIST.

(Matthew viii. 20.)



FT as with bleeding feet we tread  
 Our path of toil and woe,  
 Life's sorrows make us droop our head,  
 We scarce know how to go.

Our tardy feet slow move along,  
 Our path 'tis hard to see,  
 While moans and sighs oft drown our song,  
 And bid our comforts flee.

Contempt and scorn our spirits bend,  
 Our faith severely test ;  
 While falsehood seeks our hearts to rend,  
 And robs us of our rest.

Like children in some unknown wood,  
 Where want and darkness reign,  
 We wander on in search of good,  
 But often search in vain.

Yet what is all our utmost woe,  
 Though seas of sorrow meet?  
 Look at the path Christ had to go,  
 Marked by His bleeding feet !

We have at least some humble shed  
To which we turn as home ;  
He had no place to lay His head,  
No spot to call His own.

Hungry and weary oft was He,  
Of human aid bereft—  
His faith no constant joy could see,  
To want and pain oft left.

O Lord of boundless wealth and love,  
On these poor spirits shine ;  
Call up our hearts to live above,  
And lose their griefs in Thine.

---

### CHRIST SITTING BY THE WELL.

(John iv. 6.)



HE sun was hot, the way was long,  
The Saviour's feet were sore,  
Love strangely urged His weary feet,  
While weeping from each pore.

Through mist of distance He could see  
A poor, lost, wandering sheep ;  
And thoughts of mercy filled His breast,  
And bade His eyes to weep.

Onwards, through many weary miles,  
He still pursued His way ;  
Nor burning sands, nor sultry skies,  
His weary feet could stay.

O blessed feet, thus worn for us,  
O tender heart so true ;  
O help us, Lord, to struggle on,  
And keep Thy love in view.

When weary in the path of life,  
Help us to think of Thee,  
As toiling through life's weary road,  
To set Thy children free.

When in Thy work our spirits faint,  
Yet fain Thy love would tell,  
Help us to view Thy way-worn face,  
Beside yon ancient well.

How comely, O Sweet Fount of Life,  
To faith Thy form appears ;  
Thy wisdom flowing like a brook,  
Through every word she hears.

How right that by a springing well,  
When weary Thou shouldst rest,  
Who, through Thy wounds those waters pour  
Through which our hearts are blest.

And though Thy head and feet all ache,  
Thy lips still move in love ;  
And through Thy very weariness  
Would lure a soul above.

O help us, Lord, while journeying on,  
Thy patient love to see,  
While seeking rest to do Thy will,  
And still to work for Thee.



CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

(Mark vi. 49.)



SEA, now hush thy mighty voice,  
In softest murmurs sing,  
For on the crests of Thy proud waves  
Walks one who is thy King.

O strong, majestic, dreadful sea,  
Calm now thy heaving breast—  
Now worship Him whose softest word  
Can hush thy storms to rest.

O Christian, view this wondrous scene,  
And let thy faith be strong ;  
Thy Saviour rules the stormy sea,  
And rolls its waves along.

Sin, death, and hell, beneath Christ's feet,  
In vain their strength combine ;  
All these must now thy faith subserve,  
For all in Christ are thine.

Awake, believer, praise thy Lord,  
Let fact thy fears control ;  
Whate'er exists beneath Christ's feet  
Can never drown thy soul.

---

CHRIST GIVING SIGHT TO THE BLIND.

(Mark x. 46.)



ROWS gathered round the Saviour's path,  
Intent His skill to try ;  
Some uttered loud their hopes and fears—  
With various sounds they filled His ears :  
The Saviour heard *one* cry :

Blind Bartimeus heard the sound  
Of Jesus drawing near ;  
Rebuked by many in the crowd,  
With earnest voice he cried more loud,  
And agonising tear.


Behold ! the Son of God stands still,  
As stood of old the sun ;  
Light passed the sightless eyeballs through,  
And brought the Saviour's form to view—  
The man was cured and won.

And many now around Christ press,  
To whom no truth is given ;  
For 'tis the earnest prayer of faith  
Which simply pleads what Jesus saith,  
Which brings true light from heaven.

---

## CHRIST IN PRAYER ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

(Luke xxi. 37.)

IGHT drew her curtains o'er the earth,  
And bathed her face with tears,  
The stars in silence, looked their love,  
As wont for many years :  
Upon the sides of Olivet,  
A moving form was seen,  
Half lost amid the shades of night,  
Though tranquil and serene.

Hour after hour slow passes on,  
And still that form is there ;  
Mysterious sounds fall on the ear,  
Like one engaged in prayer :  
Anon, the voice all tremulous dies,  
As choked with grief or fear ;  
Again the storm of anguish hushed,  
Soft notes of praise we hear.  
And now the figure prostrate falls,  
The head is bathed with dew,  
And stretched upon the cold moist earth,  
The form is hid from view :  
Mysterious stranger ! wherefore thus  
Embrace the cold, damp sod ?  
O ask not, faith ! thou know'st full well  
It is the Son of God !  
O sacred mount, all bathed in dew,  
More richly bathed in tears—  
The tears of Him whose bitter grief  
Slays all our foes and fears.  
To many eyes this wondrous scene,  
The storm without, within,  
Most strange appears—but not to those  
Who know what's meant by sin.  
O stooping form, all faint and weak !  
O heart, all bruised and torn !  
We know, indeed, what crushed Thy heart,  
And left Thee thus forlorn :  
Our sins pursued Thee through the night,  
And pressed Thy body down,  
Furrowed thy cheek with scalding tears,  
And wove at last Thy crown.

O brethren, let us not forget,  
 Amid life's noise and din,  
 That this sad Mount of Olivet  
 Must teach faith how to win ;  
 From life's rude turmoil we must turn  
 Its strife and every care,  
 Like Christ, must meet our worst of foes  
 On knee of secret prayer.

### CHRIST FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

(Luke ix. 13.)



HE multitudes were faint and poor,  
 Far distant from their home—  
 Like wandering sheep they met the eye,  
 No flowing stream or pastures nigh,  
 But all was barren, bare, and dry ;  
 The bleating sheep all hungry cry,  
 When will the Shepherd come !

The Shepherd saw—His heart was touched,  
 Compassion filled His breast,  
 Though hope from the disciples fled,  
 He will not let them want for bread,  
 His words shall yet a table spread,  
 And o'er their hearts a blessing shed,  
 And find them food and rest.

Five fishes and some barley loaves !  
 But then the Lord was there ;  
 And where He is we need no more,  
 His presence brings an ample store,  
 To enrich the needy and the poor ;  
 Of heaven's own plenty He's the door,  
 The death of all our care.

O Shepherd of those sunlit plains,  
Where reigns no winter, stern and cold,  
Look down and see the crowds which roam,  
All hungry, faint, without a home ;  
O listen to their piteous moan—  
Their work of suffering never done—  
And bring them to Thy fold !

---

JESUS WASHING HIS DISCIPLES' FEET.

(John xiii. 4.)



STOOP of Love ! O Wondrous Grace !

“Thou shalt not wash my feet !”

Oh, well might Peter thus exclaim,  
Love's tender thought defeat ;  
Who after this will dare to say  
That he has stooped too low,  
Though bleeding on the earth he lies,  
And stunned by many a blow.

O unrequited, changeless love !  
O heart, so full of grief !  
Yet full of self-forgetful toil,  
Intent on our relief ;  
O raise these selfish hearts of ours  
To breathe a purer air,  
The lowly, self-renouncing heart  
Is happy everywhere.

The selfish heart is like a heath  
O'errun with weeds of care ;  
'Tis like a desert waste and dry,  
No fruit of joy can bear :

The lowly heart is like a spring,  
Whose waters ever flow,  
Which carry life and sweet content,  
All singing as they go.

O waters ever calm and pure,  
And to the thirsty, sweet,  
O flow through us and onwards pass  
To other pilgrim feet !

O Jesus ! Master ! stoop to us,  
That we to Thee may bend,  
That so the poor, and weak, and lost,  
May find in us a friend.

O make us earnest in our work,  
And loving, true, and meek,  
And let our faith, when overcast,  
Thy patient love still seek ;  
O let us know the peace which comes,  
Distilling as the dew,  
On those who, though discouraged, work  
Unseen, but brave and true.

Most blessed 'tis to serve and wait,  
To weep and still work on,  
To battle hard for human hearts,  
Though small the conquest won ;  
To toil unknown for those who hate,  
Or only spurn our love,  
Is still to taste a secret joy  
Akin to theirs above.

Our actions do not lose themselves,  
Or waste their strength on air,  
They each and all come back again,  
And bless us everywhere ;




And though the heart grows weak and faint,  
For joy success oft gives,  
Still in our secret heart of hearts,  
A nameless sweetness lives.

O let us taste the honey sweet  
Which feeds the lowly heart,  
The joy of that sweet sorrow know  
Thou waitest to impart ;  
Then though despised we'll still pursue  
Life's rugged path though steep,  
Until at last we see Thy face,  
And endless Sabbath keep.

---

CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE.

"Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder."—Matthew xxvi. 36.

44  IT ye here"—  
Far from the strife and mystery,  
The moaning of that dreadful sea  
Whose rising waves encompass me—

"Sit ye here."

"Sit ye here"—

Far from that storm whose drops e'en now  
Grief forces through this aching brow,  
Love's plaint of anguish, sad and low—

"Sit ye here."

"Sit ye here"—

Far from the darkness of that night  
Which sheds no single ray of light  
To cheer the aching, tear-dimmed sight—

"Sit ye here."

“Sit ye here”—

The flesh is weak, ye may not see  
The travail and the agony  
Which now must come alone on Me—

“Sit ye here.”

“Sit ye here”—

Ye may not dare approach the brink  
Of that dread gulf from which I shrink,  
Nor taste that cup which I must drink—

“Sit ye here.”

“Sit ye here”—

Beneath the shadow of My love,  
Where peace, low stooping from above,  
Extends her wings like shelt’ring dove—

“Sit ye here.”

“While I go and pray *yonder*”—

Beyond earth’s changing clouds and skies,  
Beyond the ken of tear-dimmed eyes,  
Or shining path where faith oft flies—

Far away.

“While I go and pray *yonder*”—

Beyond the turmoil, noise, and din,  
The darkness, and the mist of sin,  
The conflict and the grief within—

Far away.

“While I go and pray *yonder*”—

Beyond the hill of passion’s scope,  
The narrow range of human hope,  
The joys of sense which downward slope—

Far away.

“While I go and pray *yonder*”—

Beyond the sphere of human thought,  
The goal, by reason often sought,  
Or words of light by wisdom taught—

Far away.

“While I go and pray *yonder*”—

Beyond imagination’s ken,  
The rhapsodies and dreams of men,  
To which so many cry Amen—

Far away.

“While I go and pray *yonder*”—

Beyond the light of brightest star,  
Small glimmering rays oft seen afar,  
O’er hills of sense which progress bar—

Far away.

“While I go and pray *yonder*”—

Yonder, yonder, ever yonder,  
Far beyond all fear and wonder,  
Yet our sorrows ever under—

Far away.

“While I go and pray *yonder*”—

To regions of eternal calm,  
Where God sheds forth His healing balm,  
And peace for ever sings her psalm—

Far away.

“While I go and pray *yonder*”—

To light, which ever on the wing  
Would blind the seraphs as they sing,  
The presence-chamber of the King—

Far away.

While I *go* and pray yonder"—  
To love, which never fails its own,  
To justice ever on its throne,  
To wisdom never overthrown—

Far away.

"While I *go* and pray yonder"—  
To beauty ever fresh and fair,  
To heights no finite mind could dare,  
Light which no eyes but Mine can bear—

Far away.

"While I *go* and pray yonder"—  
To strength which knows of no decay,  
To sunshine of a perfect day,  
And hills of glory far away—

Far away.

"While I *go* and *pray* yonder"—  
With agony and bitter tear,  
Yet free from dread and slavish fear,  
Though great the burden now I bear—

So may we pray.

"While I *go* and *pray* yonder"—  
With love all strong in its own might ;  
To plead the cause of truth and right,  
And put hell's legions all to flight—

So may we pray.

"While I *go* and *pray* yonder"—  
With zeal that will not be denied,  
Although with weakness now allied,  
By Satan's malice sorely tried—

So may we pray.

“While I go and *pray* yonder”

With faith, which still, 'mid wounds and blood,  
Grief never, never, understood,  
Retains its awful hold of God,  
Stands like a rock in death's own flood—

So may we pray.

“While I go and *pray* yonder”—

With confidence that will obey,  
Which through the night beholds the day,  
And victory won, though far away—

So may we pray.

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### CHRIST MOCKED.

(Matthew xxvii. 29.)



HEY clothed Him in a purple robe,  
And mocking bowed the knee,  
In His pale brow all crowned with thorns  
No glory could they see ;  
Within His hand they placed a reed,  
And smote His sacred face ;  
Rude forrows on His back they ploughed—  
The scars of their disgrace.

Patient our Saviour stood, nor spake  
One vengeful, angry word,  
Theirs was indeed the cruel hand,  
Jehovah's was the sword ;  
Love meekly bowed His sacred head  
Beneath the vengeful knife ;  
He for His people freely gave  
Himself, His all, His life.

And thus in every age Christ stands  
'Mid bold blaspheming men,  
The learned pierce Him with their words,  
The vulgar cry Amen.  
With scornful hate and subtle thought  
They nail His quivering flesh  
To the cold pillar of their scorn,  
And tear His wounds afresh.  
  
And still all silent, patient, meek,  
The Lord of glory stands,  
His bleeding heart He still displays,  
His wounded feet and hands ;  
But oh! the glory of His face  
Shall yet strike terror down,  
And all His foes with fear shall quail,  
When He shall wear His crown.

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### CHRIST BEARING HIS CROSS.

(John xix. 17.)



LOOK, O Christian ! see thy Saviour,  
Stooping 'neath His weighty cross ;  
Look ! and let thy pride and glory  
Be to thee as dung and dross ;  
Mark His torn and bleeding temples,  
And His weary, wayworn feet,  
Let thy heart now bow before Him,  
And thy eyes all tearful weep.  
  
See His back all scarred and bleeding,  
Patiently thy griefs He bears,  
See the purple robe around Him,  
And the crown of thorns He wears ;

All alone in His sad travail,  
Help and friends all far away,  
But a little of His sorrow  
Filled their hearts with sore dismay.  
See the rabble how they mock Him !  
Still no fear His faith appals ;  
Onwards 'neath His cross He staggers,  
Till beneath its weight He falls ;  
Faint, forsaken, bruised and smitten,  
Sad and lonely on He goes,  
Goes to where His heart's blood flowing,  
Shall for ever cleanse His foes.  
'Mid the taunts of men and devils,  
See Him slowly onwards move,  
Drops of blood all silent flowing,  
Speak His everlasting love ;  
Many waters round Him raging,  
Deep loud bellows unto deep,  
Still His love unquenched and burning,  
To the end His heart shall keep.  
O disciples, cease your dreaming,  
While thus gazing on your Lord,  
Can this world now claim your friendship,  
Sheathed in Jesu's heart its sword ?  
Can your path be ever pleasant,  
Ever free your heart from pain,  
If in Jesu's footsteps treading  
You would reach eternal gain ?  
If a cross your Saviour carried,  
Needful it for HIM to bear,  
Can you wonder love hath purposed  
In His sorrows you should share ?

Still within the cross Christ gives you,  
 Kindly stooping from above,  
 You will find the hidden honey  
 Of His never failing love.

'Neath its shadow and its sorrows  
 Joy shall plume her fragrant wing,  
 And thy heart though pierced and bleeding,  
 Songs of lofty hope shall sing ;  
 Be thou strong, then, look to Jesus,  
 In thy lot a cross you'll find,  
 Take it up and cheerful bear it,  
 Cast no lingering look behind

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### CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

(John xix. 18.)



OW veil thy face, O sacred muse,  
 A holy vigil keep ;  
 Let sorrow from thy eyes o'erflow,  
 And bid thy heart to weep :  
 Thy Saviour on the cross now see,  
 Love's strange—incarnate mystery.

We think and weep, we muse and pray,  
 We wonder and adore—  
 We gaze upon this Sea of Love,  
 Its depths would fain explore ;  
 But still our heart all cold and poor  
 Hath scarcely strength to leave the shore.



We see, 'tis true, a body bruised,  
A brow all pierced and torn,  
A Man extended on a cross,  
Forsaken and forlorn ;  
But oh ! the secret inward woe  
We cannot reach—we cannot know.

We see the nails which pierced His flesh,  
Behold the flowing blood—  
We mark the savage foes around,  
All surging like a flood ;  
But, oh ! the sword which pierced within  
That heart which could not, would not sin !

Come, silence, let us muse His praise ;  
Words, here, bring no relief ;  
We cannot climb this hill of love,  
Nor reach this mount of grief ;  
O Love, thy efforts here are vain,  
Thy sweetest notes almost profane.

But how can faith her silence keep,  
However poor and weak ?  
Should she her plaintive notes withhold  
The stones themselves would speak ;  
O Bleeding Love ! our strains forgive,  
And let Thy love within us live.

Here, at Thy cross, where Thou didst bleed,  
Let all our sins now die ;  
Die, and for ever lose their strength,  
In love's own agony ;  
Thus only shall we ever prove  
We know the power of Jesus' love.

'Tis not enough to see Thy cross,  
 Or celebrate Thy pain,  
 Thy wounds with many tears to bathe,  
 Thy loss must be our gain ;  
 To Thy sad death our souls must fly,  
 And reach the grace Thy wounds supply.

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### CHRIST IN THE GRAVE.

(John xix. 42).



LOATHSOME grave, so foul and dark,  
 From thy wide jaws we shrink,  
 With anxious heart and tearful eyes  
 We stand upon thy brink ;  
 Above the gloom which thou dost bring,  
 Faith tries to soar with wounded wing,  
 Too oft forgets her reigning King,  
 And then her spirits sink.

But still though to the grave we go,  
 'Tis not a sepulchre of woe—  
 Our heart no longer weeps ;  
 A charnel house 'tis true appears,  
 But love can smile amid her tears,  
 For there the Saviour sleeps ;  
 And by His grave our faith finds scope,  
 The seed-plot of our life and hope.

Oh, sweet the spot where Jesus lies !  
 Oh, holy, sacred place !  
 Lo, from His grave all darkness flies,  
 To it our faith all cheerful hies,

Hope beaming through our tearful eyes,  
To see His blessed face ;  
Death seeks in vain our hope to bind,  
Our Saviour even here we find.  
No more the cold, damp grave we see ;  
Love gently whispers "Come ;"  
"Come see the place where Jesus lay,  
The path which leads you home ;"  
Faith stoops and hears the Master say—  
"My child, come share with me this rest,  
'Tis calm and sweet, come be my guest,  
Soon to the mansions of the blest,  
Thee, love, I'll call away !"  
O Sharon's Rose, so bruised, yet fair,  
What beauties in Thee meet !  
From Thy closed leaves was pressed the oil  
Which makes the grave most sweet ;  
Yea, from Christ's grave there now exhales  
Such odour of God's love,  
As this vast universe shall make,  
Sweet as God's house above.

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### CHRIST ON THE THRONE.

(Matthew xxvii. 6.)



FAITH, now plume thy radiant wing,  
And raise thy tear-dimmed eye,  
Loud let thy praise exultant ring—  
Thy Saviour lives on high.  
Lo ! on His throne He shows His face,  
His brow all pure and bright ;  
A dazzling crown His head adorns,  
Like victor from the fight.

His eyes with love effulgent beam,  
With joy He views His bride,  
Arrayed in garments pure and bright,  
All spotless by His side ;  
The fruit of His sad toil He views  
Her beauty with delight,  
As by the hand He leads her forth,  
'Mid heaven's unclouded light.

Angelic hosts adoring stand,  
And hail death's conqueror ;  
Unitedly they raise their song,  
Like mighty ocean's roar ;  
The cohorts of the distant plains  
Take up the vast refrain,  
And with a mighty, grand response,  
Fling back the joy again.

He reigns, they sing, to Him is given  
All power above, below ;  
Raise high the honour of His name,  
Once—once for sin laid low ;  
The Man of Sorrows now no more,  
Loud let His praises ring ;  
He lives, and shall for ever reign  
A universal King.



CHRIST COMING AGAIN.

(Revelation i. 7.)



LOTHED with glory, swift descending,  
Brighter than the brightest sun,  
Seraphs, angels, saints surrounding,  
Crowned with vict'ry nobly won ;  
Loud hosannahs let us sing,  
Comes at last the Church's King !  
See that throne before whose brightness,  
Saints and angels veil their eyes ;  
From whose dazzling, bright effulgence,  
Nature in wild terror flies :  
Stars like leaves in autumn fall,  
Sinners loud in anguish call.  
Mark that face of solemn beauty,  
See that pure majestic brow,  
Now the scoffing world beholds Him,  
Every knee to Him must bow ;  
See the strongest hearts all fail,  
Hear, O hear, the nations' wail !  
Yet above the pealing thunder,  
From the splendours of His throne,  
Loud His voice, like trumpet sounding,  
Gathers all His children home ;  
O great Lord to Thee I flee,  
In that day, O shelter me !  
See the wicked now confounded,  
Death and hell for aye cast down,  
Hear the mighty shout triumphant,  
As the Victor takes His crown :  
O may I but join that song,  
These poor lips its notes prolong !

Now the heavens are clothed in brightness,  
Clouds and storms for ever past,  
Myriads now the King surrounding,  
Gaze upon His face at last :  
Hallelujah ! prostrate fall,  
God in Christ is All in All !

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“O EYES THAT WEPT OUR BITTER TEARS.”



EYES that wept our bitter tears,  
Yet ever raised above,  
The mystic fount whence issued streams  
All pure as God's own love.

O tears which ran grief's fountain dry,  
Revealing mercy's ray,  
Through which the Father's mercy shines,  
And gilds our darkest day.

O tears, the crystal fount of bliss,  
Yet sorrow's deepest spring ;  
The source from whence those waters flow,  
Which health and healing bring.

O tears, the mirror, clear, and bright,  
In which God's face I see ;  
And learn the depth and breadth and height  
Of love's own mystery.

O tears of Jesus, plead for us,  
May we their beauty see ;  
Thus, Saviour, shed abroad Thy love,  
And make us weep for Thee.

THERE IS A FACE MORE FAIR BY FAR.



HERE is a face more fair by far  
Than nature can portray ;  
No morning's sun or evening's star  
Its beauty can convey.

We need not say whose face we mean—  
Jesus the pierced and marred ;  
Faith sees no face so fair as His,  
Or by her sins so scarred.

From His majestic, awful brow,  
Imperial truth looks down ;  
While wisdom moulds His moving lips,  
And hands to Him her crown.

Sweet purity His cheeks adorns,  
Love fills His piercing eye ;  
While meekness through each feature beams,  
In pensive majesty.

O holy, beauteous, loving face,  
So pierced and bruised by sin,  
Reveal Thy glory to our hearts,  
And reign supreme within.

Anoint our sin-dimmed eyes, O Love,  
Thou Fairest of the fair,  
Where'er we go, O let us see  
Thy beauty shining there !



## CHRIST, THE KING OF THOUGHT.



REAT King of Thought, what shall we say,  
How shall our verse Thy charms display?

To paint the glory of Thy mind,  
Where words of strength and beauty find?  
How shall we praise Thee as we ought,  
Exalt Thy love, Great King of Thought?  
Thy mind, Thy thoughts are all Thy own,  
Bright, pure, exalted as Thy throne.

As shine the stars in yonder sky,  
So beams Thy thoughts on love's own eye,  
Clear and distinct, though seen afar,  
And brighter than the brightest star;  
How pure, how sweet their silver ray!  
Our night they turn at once to day;  
Man's flickering thoughts like sparks appear  
Beside their lustre bright and clear.

On time's rude ocean vast and deep  
Christ's thoughts look down like eyes that weep;  
All pure and tranquil, far away,  
They prophesy of coming day;  
Their calm, deep silence soothes the soul,  
And all its fevered dreams control,  
So near we seem to hear their speech,  
So distant none their light can reach.

As through the infinitude of space,  
The planets move with silent grace,  
Majestic float and sweep along,  
Eternity their home and song,



So through the cycles of the years,  
'Mid all our darkness, cries and tears,  
Through all time's endless circles vast,  
Christ's thoughts all travel first and last.

As yonder stars throw down their light,  
And gild with joy the traveller's night,  
And though their distance is so vast  
Their light upon his pathway cast ;  
So Christ's own thoughts, calm, fixed above,  
Shine through the sea of God's deep love,  
And though to sense so far away,  
Give light and pledge of coming day.

No thought to man has ever come,  
To guide him to his sunlit home,  
But from Christ's mind has darted forth,  
And, by its brightness, shown its birth ;  
Man's thoughts, though strong, are seldom clear :  
How bright, pellucid Christ's appear !  
Our thoughts in borrowed light are shown—  
Christ's shine in glory all their own.

As through the earth the auger goes,  
In search of water as it flows,  
And shows that from the deepest seams  
The coolest, sweetest water streams ;  
So unlike man's poor shallow thought,  
Which mocks us most when most 'tis sought ;  
When pierced by prayer, Christ's thoughts will spring,  
Fresh strength and beauty ever bring.

Like gold these pass through every fire,  
Enkindling hope and pure desire ;  
Softly they move, like angels' feet,  
Spreading around like fragrance sweet ;

Gathering strength in every age,  
And making life one glowing page ;  
Grow mighty thoughts, until this clod  
Shall blossom with the life of God.

\* \* \* \* \*

Come Christ's thoughts, like sunlight darting,  
Prejudice from truth swift parting ;  
Like bright gleams of lightning flashing,  
Fall our idols loudly crashing ;  
Come they with a sound like thunder,  
Filling us with awe and wonder ;  
Break they o'er us like the morning,  
Faith and hope all calmly dawning.

Rise their peaks like lofty mountains,  
Flow they like perennial fountains,  
Speed they like a flowing river,  
Singing onwards, onwards, ever ;  
Rush they past like a tornado,  
Bringing death to all bravado ;  
Like a voice from distance calling,  
Gentle dew all softly falling.

Spread Christ's thoughts throughout the ages,  
Dawning light of all the sages ;  
Pass they on through storms of trouble,  
Like a fire consuming stubble ;  
Swiftly like an angel flying,  
Bearing home the dead and dying ;  
Meek their eyes, their lips e'er praying,  
Deeds of death and darkness staying.

Come Christ's thoughts, like sunbeams glancing,  
O'er the hills of darkness dancing ;  
Gilding rivers, temples hoary,  
Waking up a sea of glory ;  
These shall conquer every nation,  
Fill the heavens with jubilation ;  
Fill the earth with glad surprises,  
'Till God's praise, like thunder rises.

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THERE IS A SUN WHICH EVER SHINES.



HERE is a sun which ever shines  
To guide love's pilgrim feet—  
On broken hearts its light e'er falls,  
All gentle, pure, and sweet.

No cloud can hide its streaming rays,  
No hand impede its race ;  
It shines alike in every age,  
And shines in Jesus' face.

It gilds the mansion of the rich  
With beauty's dazzling sheen ;  
The thatch of faith it clothes with joy,  
And keeps her garden green.

Around the earth it quickly spreads  
A fruit-embroidered zone ;  
Faith lifts her voice 'mid golden sheaves,  
And shouts the harvest home.

No walls can keep this light away—  
Man's pride is all too poor ;  
It tints the rich cathedral pew,  
Smiles through the chapel door.

All nations own this spreading light,  
It knows no sect or name ;  
But freely blesses all alike,  
And puts all pride to shame.

It crowns the kingly head which bends  
In rich palatial room,  
Smiles on the dying pauper's bed,  
And banishes his gloom.

This sun no power can ever bind,  
Or intercept its ray ;  
Wide as the universe it spreads—  
Brings everlasting day.

Its light shall fill the heavens with bliss,  
Each lowly heart with joy ;  
To celebrate its light and love,  
Shall heaven and earth employ.

---

THERE IS A FLOWER WHICH EVER  
BLOOMS.



HERE is a flower which ever blooms,  
And yields its fragrance sweet ;  
No scent or beauty like its own  
Our senses ever greet.

Alike it grows 'neath tropic sun,  
Or arctic region cold ;  
It claims the praise of every land—  
Its glories never told.

Its leaves are ever fresh and green,  
Its petals ever fair ;  
Where'er we dwell, at home, abroad,  
We find its fragrance there.

It fills all heaven with rich perfume,  
Yet owns this earthly sod,  
Blooms in the meanest garden here,  
And paradise of God.

Its fragrance fills the heart with joy,  
Soothes pain itself to rest,  
Gives glory to the princely brow,  
Nor scorns the poor man's breast.

Its crimson leaves enclose God's love,  
In secret, warm embrace ;  
From thence sweet honey e'er distils  
The honey of His grace.

When human art all vainly strives  
To bring the soul repose,  
The healing balm is ever found  
'Neath Sharon's lovely Rose.

---

THERE IS A STAR WHOSE SILVER RAY.



HERE is a star whose silver ray  
Can gild the darkest night ;  
To broken hearts, the noontide glare  
Not half so sweet or bright.

The sinner's eye perceives its light,  
Bright, shining from afar ;  
How welcome is the joy it brings—  
His soul's sweet morning star !

Its cheering rays all tranquil bring  
The dawn of heavenly day ;  
Shows mercy's flight on silent wing,  
When hope seems far away.


When reason fails to pierce the cloud  
 Of pain, and sin, and fear,  
 Oh, then, Thou ever shining Star,  
 Let Thy sweet face appear.

And, oh, when comes the long, long night,  
 And fails our fleeting breath ;  
 Let Thy mild radiance cheer our faith—  
 The antidote of death.

---

THERE IS A STREAM WHICH EVER FLOWS.

(Revelation xxii 1.)

 HERE is a stream which ever flows  
 Through every changing scene ;  
 In summer's heat and winter's cold,  
 Bright, tranquil and serene.

Its source is high, and not exposed  
 To human gaze or feet ;  
 It flows as gentle as a child,  
 With murmurs soft and sweet.

And yet it rises like a flood,  
 All barriers sweeps away ;  
 The strongest owns its silent sweep,  
 No hand its course can stay.

Deep, calm, and pure, it onward flows,  
 And life's own verdure gives ;  
 Where'er it spreads the parchéd earth  
 In fruitful glory lives.

In vain the art of man oft strives  
To emulate its flow ;  
Their shallow streams with noise soon pass,  
And mock us as they go.

Its waters clear are ever free,  
All may approach their brink ;  
Pride toils her barriers to uprear,  
But mercy cries, " Come, drink."

And those who drink for ever live,  
Immortal life is given ;  
The flowing stream will upwards rise,  
And lift the soul to heaven.

No worldly craft, no scheme of man  
This living stream can bind ;  
It freely flows alike for all,  
And heals the stricken mind.

It rises high and will be seen,  
It reaches to the soul ;  
In faith and love it will spring forth,  
Refusing all control.

It will not own the statesman's pride,  
Nor bow to priestly charm ;  
But safely on its bosom bears  
The soul away from harm.

From heaven's high throne it downward flows  
To this poor senseless clod ;  
Lo, as it flows, the desert blooms,  
Like paradise of God.

## THERE IS A PROPHET EVER NEAR.



HERE is a prophet ever near  
To those who seek His face,  
Whose words the saddest heart can cheer,  
And carry truth and grace.

He loves to teach the contrite heart,  
To enrich the humble poor ;  
These to His heart He welcomes home,  
Nor spurns them from His door.

However dark the night-sin spreads,  
Or guilt which reigns within,  
His loving voice all fear dispels,  
And heals the wounds of sin.

His words, like stars, light up our night,  
With clear, pellucid ray—  
Reveal the wonders of His love,  
And dawn of heavenly day.

All darkness flees at His approach,  
Sweet truth and mercy come ;  
They stoop to guide the wanderer's feet,  
And gently lead him home.

Error and sin fade 'neath His eye,  
All truth He freely gives ;  
The stony heart melts 'neath His smile,  
The harden'd rebel lives.

O Ever Living Prophet, come,  
'Tis Thine to teach the heart ;  
To bend and mould the stubborn will,  
True wisdom to impart.



O send some word, some vital ray,  
To pierce our gloom and night ;  
O chase all error far away,  
And fill us with Thy light.

---

THERE IS A PRIEST WHO EVER LIVES.



HERE is a Priest who ever lives,  
The same in every place,  
The merits of whose sacrifice  
All stains of guilt efface.  
There is a Priest exalted high,  
At God's right hand above,  
The vilest sinner cleansed by Him  
Becomes a child of love.  
There is a Priest who ever pleads,  
Whose lips death ne'er can seal,  
The virtues of whose precious blood,  
Our deepest wounds can heal.  
O haste, ye guilty, to His feet,  
Your prayer He will not spurn,  
Renounce your strength and righteousness,  
And thus to God return.  
This Priest is ever at your side,  
His grace can heal your woes,  
His intercession bring you peace,  
And smite down all your foes.  
His tender heart yearns o'er the poor ;  
Beneath His priestly vest  
You'll find your strength and righteousness,  
Your peace, and joy, and rest.

His bleeding heart and open wounds,  
 His tender love proclaim,  
 O haste thee, sinner, seek His face !  
 Thus loose your guilt and shame.

THERE IS A KING WHO EVER REIGNS.



HERE is a King who ever reigns,  
 Though clouds His throne surround,  
 The influence of whose sceptre spreads  
 To earth's remotest bound ;  
 Though sorrow veils our sin-dimmed eyes,  
 And hides His kingly face,  
 His royal heart in love ordains  
 Our portion and our place.

Oh, far above the clouds of time,  
 Faith sees His shining crown—  
 Beholds His love 'mid calms and storms,  
 Still scattering blessings down :  
 The strange dark lines to reason dim,  
 To faith are clear and bright ;  
 While she can see her reigning King,  
 And knows His will is right.

Above the chaos and the wrecks,  
 Time spreads around her feet,  
 Faith sees her King exalted high,  
 Beholds His royal seat ;  
 A voice with reverent awe she hears,  
 And lowly bows her head ;  
 And finds her joy and solace here,  
 When other hopes are dead.

The voice of her great wondrous King,  
Faith scarce can understand,  
But while her reason faints and falls,  
She knows His truth shall stand :  
From time's wild music stern and loud,  
Spring forth a host of fears ;  
But still above the loudest blast,  
A Kingly voice she hears.

From out the throne whence lightnings flash,  
While darkness veils the sky,  
And twice ten thousand thunders roar,  
A sceptre meets her eye ;  
She sees a form, a voice she hears,  
All gentle as a dove ;  
And folds her wings in perfect peace—  
She knows her King is LOVE.

---

#### THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST.



HERE is a light more fair by far  
Than morning's sun or evening's star ;  
The light which Christ's own presence brings,  
More swift than thought or angels' wings.

Beneath its pure effulgent ray  
The gloom of night is changed to day,  
The darkest cloud which veils our sight,  
Shows rainbow colours, clear and bright.

O sacred presence, heavenly calm,  
Shed forth thy healing, holy balm ;  
All heaven distils from thy sweet grace,  
When Christ reveals His smiling face.

## IF EVER NAME COULD CHARM THE HEART.



F ever name could charm the heart,  
Or win a soul to rest,  
It is the name that Jesus bears,  
The sweetest and the best.

O Saviour, Husband, Shepherd, Friend,  
All glory meets in Thee ;  
From sin's dark thralldom, King of Love,  
Thy beauty sets us free.

O let that beauty ever beam,  
With rays of love divine ;  
And may our hearts, thus filled with joy,  
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

---

## FAITH'S ESTIMATE OF HER LORD.



M y soul has reached the secret source  
Whence living waters flow ;  
To other streams however fair,  
My heart no more shall go.

Now by my side there flows a spring,  
Whose waters deep and pure ;  
My soul will ever fill with joy.  
And happiness secure.

The secret of the Lord is mine,  
The sweetness of His love ;  
And while I rest upon His word,  
My peace shall ne'er remove.

I do not envy others wealth,  
Or joy which honour gives,  
For in my very heart of hearts  
A sacred sweetness lives.

I would not live for this world's smiles,  
Or bliss its pleasures bring ;  
The peace which lives within my heart  
Holds every precious thing.

Before the shrine of human love,  
My heart no more shall fall,  
My faith now feeds on Jesu's love,  
And finds in Him her All.

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THE CHRISTIAN MUSE.



N praise of self I would not write,  
Nor human glory sing ;  
But would employ each power I have,  
In honour of my King ;  
Let others sing of human love,  
And this world's heroes praise,  
I singly, and to Christ alone,  
My voice would ever raise.  
In Him each virtue is complete,  
In Him lives every grace ;  
The beauty of both worlds I see,  
Clear beaming on His face.  
Why should my muse then seek its fire  
From earth's frail tapers dim,  
When all the light of heaven's own bliss  
For ever shines on Him ?

Earth has no light to cheer the eye,  
 No love the heart to fill :  
 The glory of the soul's true Lord,  
 Its charms must ever kill.

With heaven's own sun above the head,  
 Effulgent, clear, and bright,  
 No place is found for stars to shine,  
 Which only shine by night.

---

### LOVE'S APPEAL.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."—Lamentations i. 12.



BLEEDING heart, so full of love,  
 Yet oft so full of pain,  
 By unbelief pierced through and through,  
 And often pierced again.

Thy bitter cup we sometimes taste,  
 As men oft pass thee by ;  
 And is it nought, we ask with tears,  
 To you that Christ should die ?

We ask, with tears, and ask again—  
 To you, O men, we cry,  
 And is it nought, indeed, to you,  
 That Christ the Lord should die ?

No answer comes—they still pass on,  
 All careless of Christ's woe ;  
 Down, downwards to the realms of death,  
 All mocking as they go.

O Man of sorrows ! slighted love !  
How shall we weep for Thee ?  
O Spirit, come ! convince of sin,  
And set these captives free.

O blind accurséd unbelief,  
Christ's love thou wilt not see ;  
Dispel this darkness, mighty Lord,  
Our faith still cries to Thee.

O hear our prayer, Thou pierced Lord—  
O send our heart relief ;  
We weep for Thee—for sinners bound—  
Held fast in unbelief.





## Songs of Parable and Figure.



### COMES THE KINGDOM.

“The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation.”—Christ.

**N**OT in turmoil or in clamour,  
Empty words or senseless glamour ;  
Not in bustle or excitement,  
Where proud self is the incitement ;  
Not in rant or declamation,  
Human wit or moral suasion—  
Comes the kingdom, comes the Spirit—  
That meek *dove* which saints inherit.

Not in earthquake, fire or water,  
Madd'ning joy oft passion's daughter ;  
Not from mystic joy or sorrow  
Does our kingdom beauty borrow ;  
Not in charms which greet the senses  
Where the priest the crowd incenses—  
Comes the kingdom, comes the Spirit—  
That pure *faith* which saints inherit.



Not in turbulent commotions,  
Sensuous pride or Jewish notions ;  
Not in glare of human glory,  
Comes the reign of gospel story ;  
Strong and wide is the partition  
'Twixt our faith and superstition—  
Comes the kingdom, comes the Spirit :  
That bright *hope* which saints inherit.

Comes it like a placid river,  
Calm and fruitful flowing ever ;  
Like the dew of summer morning,  
Nature's lovely fields adorning ;  
Like the voiceless light swift darting,  
Thickest clouds all silent parting—  
Comes the kingdom, comes the Spirit :  
That strong *love* which saints inherit.

Comes it like a meaning hinted,  
Summer evening brightly tinted ;  
Or the scented breath of morning,  
Human art and barriers scorning ;  
Or like fragrance widely spreading,  
Quiet stars their lustre shedding—  
Comes the kingdom, comes the Spirit :  
That sweet *joy* the saints inherit.

Comes it like a kiss from heaven,  
Pledge and proof that life is given ;  
Spreads it like a ring in water  
Which no hand can stay or alter ;  
Grows it like a blade all tender,  
Which no frost can kill or hinder—  
Comes the kingdom, comes the Spirit :  
That deep *peace* which saints inherit.

Works it like a leaven hidden,  
 Rises like a tide unbidden ;  
 Flows amid the dead and dying,  
 Marks its course by tears and sighing ;  
 Working hands and hearts uplifted,  
 Fragrant lips by sorrow gifted—  
     Comes the kingdom, comes the Spirit :  
     That sweet *rest* the saints inherit.

Comes this kingdom ever flowing,  
 God's true vine is ever growing ;  
 Men may rage and kingdoms shiver,  
 It shall never perish, never !  
 It shall rise like mighty ocean,  
 'Till the world becomes a Goshen,  
 Where God's Israel inherit  
 His true kingdom and His Spirit.

---

GOD HAS NO FLOWER WHICH WASTES ITS  
 SWEETS.



OD has no flower which wastes its sweets  
 Upon the desert air,  
 Where'er He casts the seed of truth  
 His love is watchful there.

God has no gem of silver ray  
 Whose light is shed in vain,  
 No thing of beauty lives below  
 Unknown to Him its name.

No desert place, however vast,  
 No cave in ocean's bed,  
 Can hide the beauty which He gives,  
 Or fragrance which is shed.

Where'er in this vast universe  
His hand finds soil and root,  
He comes to breathe the fragrance sweet,  
And eat the welcome fruit.

Look up, then, ye who work unknown,  
All hid your tears and toil,  
God marks the spot where you now mourn,  
The hard, ungrateful soil.

From flowers the work of human art,  
And ever gay and green,  
He turns to shed His gentle dew  
Where beauty droops unseen.

To silent room where patience waits,  
And faith exhales her prayer,  
To hidden nook where oft love toils,  
And sheds the silent tear.

Christ marks the eyes which weep for Him,  
The hands which freely give,  
The wakeful zeal which scatters truth  
Which on His smile must live.

He sees the faith which toils and waits  
Through long sad nights of woe,  
That lives by hope when all seems dead,  
Nor lets her anchor go.

He loves the spot where meekness sighs,  
And struggles to believe,  
Striving to find her strength and peace  
In words which ne'er deceive.

From streets, and crowds, and solitudes,  
 Where pilgrim feet oft roam,  
 Where'er sweet faith exhales her love,  
 There Jesus is at home.

---


### LOVE'S CALL.

“WHO’S there?” said LOVE; “who knocks without?  
 Come in, if ye are poor!”  
 I, sad at heart and full of fear,  
 Stood trembling at her door :  
 “Come in,” said LOVE, “the night is dark,  
 The wind blows bleak and cold.”  
 “Ah, LOVE!” I said, “you know me not,  
 I dare not be so bold.”  
 “Come in,” said LOVE, “I know you well,  
 Have known you many years ;  
 Your sighs I’ve marked, and heard your prayers,  
 And counted all your tears.”  
 “O LOVE!” I said, “can this be true?  
 I scarce dare speak to Thee,  
 But mark those scars upon Thy breast,  
 They all were made by me.”  
 “Come in,” said LOVE, “I know My own ;  
 The scars you mourn I see :  
 Behold the blood which hides them all,  
 Shed, sinner ! shed for thee.”  
 “O LOVE ! my heart is pierced—it breaks ;  
 I dare not show my face ;  
 My open wounds and filthy rags  
 Thy table would disgrace.”

Said LOVE, "Behold this spotless robe,  
All pure without, within!"  
She seized my hand and put it on,  
And thus she drew me in.

---

BEAUTY FEEDS BEAUTY AS LIGHT FEEDS  
FLOWERS.

EAUTY feeds beauty as light feeds the flowers;  
And the beauty of Christians is fed  
By the glory which ever encircles the brow  
Of their risen and perfected Head.

Beauty feeds beauty as light feeds the flowers;  
When cut off from the bright solar ray  
How their beautiful leaves, so fresh and so fair,  
All wither and perish away!

So the sweet leaves of faith and the blossoms of hope,  
Though so green and fair to the eye,  
When severed from Christ and the beams of His love,  
Droop their heads and soon wither and die.

Beauty feeds beauty as light feeds the flowers  
When the sunbeams gambol and play;  
So the life of the Christian, the beauty he bears,  
Is a growth into light and the day.

The beauty of nature, the tints of her glory,  
*Is but light caught and woven within;*  
So the petals of faith catch their strength and their grace  
From that Sun whose light conquers all sin.

## MORN, NOON, EVE, AND NIGHT.

A family failing—the moral to be drawn by the Churches of Christ.



HE morn her dew-fringed eyes unclosed,  
Removed her veil of grey,  
Her dawning beauty spread around,  
And bade her sunbeams play ;  
Her face each stream beheld with joy,  
And murmured its delight ;  
Said morn, “ I am more fair, I’m sure,  
Than either noon or night.”

Noon rose in all her glowing strength,  
In robes of dazzling light,  
All clouds and mists she brushed away,  
Displayed her garments bright ;  
Her lofty brow she proudly turned  
To the bright solar ray ;  
The language of her eyes flashed down,  
“ The glory of the day.”

Eve came with calm and blushing face,  
Slowly unveiled her charms,  
Gently soothed nature to her rest,  
Chased all her false alarms ;  
But ere she laid her weary face  
Upon the breast of night,  
She whispered from her radiant couch,  
“ My colours are most bright.”

Night came with pensive, thoughtful face,  
Soft bending from above ;  
Her coronal of stars she wore,  
And looked her silent love ;

She gazed upon her glittering gems,  
With joy beheld them shine,  
Then said, "Nor morn, nor noon, nor eve,  
Wears such a crown as mine."

Then spake the SUN : "Why, sisters all,  
Should you so disagree ?  
When all the beauty that you wear  
You know proceeds from Me !"

---

#### MY SEARCH FOR FAITH.



I SOUGHT for faith in secret prayer,  
I sought it in the street,  
Wandering I sought it everywhere  
With weary aching feet ;  
I said, "Lord, give me faith to see  
That I indeed am one with Thee !"

I cried, "O Lord, why hidest Thou ?  
Reveal, reveal Thy grace !  
O let me find Thee, teach me how,  
And let me see Thy face !"  
I said, "Lord, give me faith to see,  
That I indeed am one with Thee !"

My sight was dim, my heart was pained,  
I looked within, without ;  
No hope, no answering peace I gained,  
My heart still pierced by doubt ;  
But still I said, "Lord, let me see  
That I indeed am one with Thee.

I sought as misers seek for gold ;  
I sought by night and day,  
'Mid summer's heat and winter's cold,  
But peace seemed far away ;  
I said, " Lord, give me faith to see  
That I indeed am one with Thee ! "

I longed, I prayed for one good word,  
With bitter earnest cry !  
I said, " O Saviour, bleeding Lord,  
Wilt Thou my plea deny ?  
O when shall I have faith to see  
That I indeed am one with Thee ? "

I hear of others who have found  
A faith which heals their grief ;  
I think, I search, I look around,  
But still find no relief ;  
" Sweet Lord," I said, " O let me see  
That I indeed am one with Thee ! "

" Come, follow me ! " I heard one say ;  
I went, with tearful eye,  
To where a dying woman lay ;  
I heard her children cry ;  
She moaned, " O give my children bread,  
O Christian, let my babes be fed ! "

I stooped and raised her, and I said,  
" What can I do for thee ? "  
Then she, " O give my children bread,  
And pray, O pray for me ! "  
I wept—I scarce knew what I said—  
With earnest cries I sought her aid.



With willing feet I started forth,  
With help and food returned ;  
While looking on the joy these brought,  
My heart to Jesus turned ;  
I thought of all His love so free,  
And thus faith came—yes, came to me !

---

#### MY SEARCH FOR TRUTH.



REASONED hard to find the truth,  
But still I found it not ;  
I worked, and thought, and thought again,  
But truth's own words forgot ;  
I said, "Where art thou, Truth, O where ?"  
And echo, mocking, answered "Where ?"

I sought it in the classic page,  
In halls of science too,  
'Mong books and preachers, learned men,  
Still it escaped my view ;  
I said, "Where art thou, Truth, O where ?"  
And echo feebly answered "Where ?"

I listened long to Nature's voice,  
I sought it in her bower ;  
Among the shining stars at night,  
And daylight's golden hour ;  
I said, "Where art thou, Truth, O where ?"  
But echo only answered "Where ?"

I sought it 'neath the lofty dome,  
In temples fair and bright,  
'Mid burning lamps and bowing priests,  
But all was dark as night ;  
I said, " Where art thou, Truth, O where ? "  
And echo faintly answered " Where ? "  
  
I went where well-dressed crowds oft strayed,  
And shared in their good name,  
The path was fair and often praised,  
And brought no strife nor shame ;  
I said, " Where art thou, Truth, O where ? "  
And echo scoffing answered " Where ? "  
  
I turned adown a narrow path,  
With weary steps and slow,  
The sun was hot, the way was steep,  
My heart was faint and low ;  
I said, " Where art thou, Truth, O where ? "  
I heard a moan float on the air.  
  
I saw a Man with bleeding brow,  
All bowed beneath a cross ;  
I looked into His bleeding wounds,  
And found my gain was loss ;  
In His sad face so marred but fair,  
My heart believed—I found Truth *there*.

---

## ONLY A LOOK.



ONLY a look—but the look was LIFE,  
And I sprang at once from the dead,  
And around me came floating a fragrance as rare  
As by sweet-scented morning is shed.

Only a look—but the look was FAITH,  
And the knowledge by reason long sought ;  
But which mocked all her efforts, and laughed at her toil,  
To the range of my vision was brought.

Only a look—but the look was LOVE,  
And my heart was conquered outright ;  
This look, like the light, the cloud rifts among,  
Beamed down like a star in the night.

Only a look—but the look was TRUTH,  
And it told more than words could convey ;  
And the darkness, which reason oft sought to dispel,  
At once was all scattered away.


Only a look—but the look was PEACE,  
Such as oft of the tempest is born,  
When nature exhausted returns to her rest,  
Like a child that by sickness is worn.

Only a look—but the look was STRENGTH,  
And though weak through the toil of the night ;  
The soul, like a giant refreshed by new wine,  
Rose up in its glory and might.

Only a look—but that look was HOPE,  
And the night of despair passed away ;  
As faith caught a glimpse of the City of Light,  
The pledge of a bright coming day.



## MINNEHAHA—LAUGHING WATERS.

N the forest, by the fountains,  
Where the sunbeams softly play,  
'Neath the shadows of the mountains,  
From all tumult far away :  
There shall I find Minnehaha ;  
There shall I find laughing waters.

Where the rivers, gently flowing,  
Bright reflect the solar beam ;  
Nature, all her tints clear throwing,  
Sees her beauty in each stream :  
There shall I find Minnehaha ;  
There shall I find laughing waters.

When the sea, in solemn sadness,  
Bares his bosom to each star ;  
Welcomes down the pensive gladness,  
Shining from the worlds afar :  
There shall I find Minnehaha ;  
There shall I find laughing waters.

Where vast wealth its temple rearing,  
Lifts its turrets all aglow ;  
And the heart is ever fearing  
Some fierce storm may lay them low :  
There shall I find Minnehaha ;  
There shall I find laughing waters.

Where fame binds her wreath of glory  
Round the hot and fevered head,  
Cuts in brass or gold the story  
Of the great illustrious dead ;  
There shall I find Minnehaha ;  
There shall I find laughing waters.

Where the noisy, struggling city,  
Throws its dust on pilgrim feet,  
There I sing my homely ditty,  
Drink of laughing waters sweet :  
Here I find my Minnehaha ;  
Here I drink my laughing waters.

Where the crowd is often toiling  
In the common rut of life,  
Honest work my hands oft soiling,  
Small the pay and fierce the strife :  
Here I find my Minnehaha ;  
Here I drink my laughing waters.

Often without bells or steeple,  
Quiet Sabbath I begin,  
Raise my choral 'mid the people,  
In the temple calm within :  
Here I find my Minnehaha ;  
Here I find my laughing waters.

Seek no mountain, seek no river,  
Nor the great and boundless sea ;  
Happiness will fly thee ever,  
'Till she finds her home in thee :  
Then, where'er thy feet may wander,  
Up and down the heavens under—  
Thou shalt find my Minnehaha ;  
Drink for aye my laughing water.



## THE LIGHT OF LOVE.



HE clouds they shift and change,  
But still the sun they show,  
And all the varied forms they weave,  
Do but reflect his glow.

The stars which gem night's crown,  
Some large, some small appear,  
But from the sun derive that light  
Which brings their beauty near.

The flowers which tint the earth  
With colours rare and bright,  
Do homage to the King of day,  
Their glory but His light.

And so with all things here below,  
In this they all agree ;  
They all reflect the light of love,  
When we have eyes to see.

---

## THE MARCH OF THE STARS.



OW through the unmeasured spaces of the sky,  
The silent stars march on their shining way ;  
Rank within rank, with firm majestic tread,  
Their Captain's mandate each and all obey.

All silently, without one jarring note,  
They turn their sunlit faces towards their goal,  
And through the cycles of the endless years,  
With burning zeal sweep on without control.

O may our faith, thus true to Christ and God,  
In truth's bright orbit ever keep her way ;  
And circling round that Sun whose light is love,  
For ever soar towards realms of perfect day.

---

THE ADVENT OF A THOUGHT.



SOFTLY I came  
Without a name,  
The bells were not set ringing,  
No human eye  
My face could spy,  
My praise no voice was singing.

Upon no scroll  
Did man enrol  
My name ; No voice of thunder  
Did loud proclaim  
My deed or fame,  
Or said, " Behold ! " " A wonder ! "


Softly I flew,  
My work in view,  
With Truth, my much-loved sister,  
On God's own breath  
I conquered death,  
Without a word or whisper.

On silent wing  
I raised the King,  
The heart subdued and weeping,  
The Kingdom won,  
Enthroned God's Son,  
Its wealth in His own keeping.

Behind His throne  
I stand alone,  
And weep o'er the old story,  
How Jesus fought,  
And by a thought  
This kingdom won and glory.

---

#### THE APOCALYPSE OF A DOUBT.

N the temple of the Spirit,  
'Neath that cross where Christians weep,  
Loyal thoughts were quiet musing

By love's fountain pure and deep ;  
On His throne His sceptre swaying,  
Jesus sat and reigned as King ;  
All within, His voice obeying,  
Long and loud His praises ring.  
Every chamber full of sweetness,  
Every stately hall with light,  
Through each room, all clothed in meekness,  
Wanders faith with sweet delight ;  
On each wall some pleasant picture,  
Of the Prince enthroned within,  
Trophies of that love Almighty  
Which had conquered death and sin :  
Round each column wreaths where hanging,  
Bright as those saints wear above,  
Birds of paradise were singing  
Pœans of eternal love ;  
Oh, the calm and tranquil pleasure !  
Oh, what charms the senses greet !  
Oh, the holy joy and leisure,  
And the voices soft and sweet !



What a change ! the lights all failing,  
Comes a dark, huge, hideous thing !  
Loyal thoughts are now all railing !  
Hid the face, too, of the King !

Trampled down each thing of beauty,  
Birds of joy no longer sing ;  
Shrieks and shouts with discords blending,  
Through the temple wildly ring.  
Spreads the horror, darkness falling,  
Hushed the music soft and low,  
Love to faith in anguish calling ;  
Oh, the scene of death and woe !

MORAL.

As a blight on fragrant flowers,  
As a cloud on summer's sky,  
As the rain on autumn's bowers,  
As a film on beauty's eye,  
As the rust on polished sword,  
Sickness on a body whole,  
Comes a veil thrown o'er the word,  
Comes a doubt unto the soul :  
Let us, let us, then beware,  
How we give such, pleasant fare ;  
To our Captain's word give heed,  
Seek to turn such out with speed.



## THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.



HE wind sweet music often yields,  
All nature is her harp ;  
Gently her notes abroad she flings,  
Or breathes them shrill and sharp ;  
Vast seas a mighty chorus raise,  
The rivers murmur low ;  
The trees and flowers, too, bring their praise,  
With beauty all aglow.

But in the temple of the soul,  
Far sweeter music lives,  
When Jesus makes the conscience whole,  
His peace all freely gives ;  
Through its dim aisles and corridors,  
All cold and silent long,  
All lighted up with open doors,  
Now floats a jubilant song.

The psalms long hushed by sin awake,  
Their pealing notes now ring,  
With heart and voice sweet music make,  
And welcome back their King ;  
He, lifted high, resumes His crown,  
And takes again His throne ;  
The loyal thoughts with joy look down,  
And hail Him as their own.

Oh, sweet the music of the spheres,  
If there such music be,  
More sweet the voice of silent tears,  
When Christ enthroned we see :

Oh, sweet the tender joy that falls,  
The voiceless psalms which roll,  
When Jesus fills the mystic halls  
And temple of the soul.

---

THE VOICE OF TEARS.

“The Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.”—Psalm vi. 8.



TEARS unmarked by human eye,  
But not unknown to God,  
How often have your silent flow  
Been love's sublimest ode !

Through flowing tears of penitence,  
What rays of hope oft shine,  
Their voiceless beauty loudly speaks  
With eloquence divine.

With joy God sees the crystal drops,  
Where true contrition weeps ;  
Secure in love's own memory,  
These pearls Jehovah keeps.

O priceless tears ! O speechless prayers !  
Bright gems of sorrow's spring ;  
Your silent pleadings must prevail,  
And truth's own joy shall bring.

O tears of faith ! your waters sweet,  
Though silent oft their flow,  
Spread life and verdure round our path,  
All fragrant as they go.

Oh, when these lips shall cease to move,  
And words and prayers shall fail,  
Still may the tears of penitence  
With love's own heart prevail !

## TRUTH.

**B**Y the wayside, poor and weary,  
Lone her homestead, cold and dreary,  
Eyes all swollen, red with weeping,  
With the outcasts often sleeping ;  
Feet all sore and scarred and bleeding,  
To her tears and moans few heeding,  
Lies fair truth her sweet voice pleading,  
Words of love and wisdom reading.

Lives she as a sad disaster,  
Scant her clothing, like her Master ;  
Well she's housed, though in a stable,  
Her's the crumbs from rich man's table ;  
Learnéd hate for ever leering,  
Thoughtless crowds all loudly jeering,  
Thus she lives, and lives as ever  
Men to wound her think it clever.

Round her temples thorns still cleaving,  
Still the scorn of unbelieving,  
Still a reed her right hand grasping,  
Empty minds vain questions asking ;  
Now exposed to shame and spitting,  
Youngsters' verbal crotchets splitting ;  
Lives she now as lived she yonder,  
Many hate and many wonder.

Still with all this idle dreaming,  
Empty prattle, hollow seeming,  
Still with all her woes and weeping,  
'Truth shall have a joyful reaping.

Those who live, her shame despising,  
Ne'er shall see her bright uprising ;  
Here who will not share her sorrow,  
Shall not see her bright to-morrow.

---

### ALCYONE.

It is supposed by Astronomers that Alcyone, the principal star in the group of the Pleiades, now occupying the centre of gravity, is at present the sun about which the universe of stars, comprising our astral system, is revolving.



WITH pensive beauty and harmonious grace,  
The sparkles of God's ever moving feet,  
The myriad worlds march on their wondrous course,  
With ceaseless tread their solemn chant repeat ;  
The shining jewels of God's spangled belt,  
Alcyone the centre of their race,  
Age after age her distant might they feel,  
And own the influence of her beauteous face.

Oh, could our eyes take in the glittering host,  
The mighty sweep of constellations bright,  
As onward through the infinite they speed,  
Clothed in their silver robes of dazzling light ;  
Behold them as unweariedly they sweep,  
With radiant faces towards Alcyone,  
How clearly then their unity would shine,  
One central love which moves yet leaves them free !

Oh, grand your march, ye everlasting stars !  
How vast the circle ye unfaltering tread !  
How bright the source which throws its light on all,  
And gilds with glory every shining head !

Oh, to behold these jewels of our God !  
 To hear their song, each golden face to see !  
 As through the eternal ages on they move,  
 Thy shining zone, O sweet Alcyone !

Oh, what an eye ! Oh, what a throne is God's !  
 How strong that hand which flung these worlds abroad !  
 Gave to Alcyone her crown of gems,  
 And still looks down on all, their King and Lord ;  
 Sun upon sun with myriads in their train,  
 For ever circling round one point of light ;  
 Oh, these grand cohorts of the ethereal plains,  
 The awful rush of God's eternal might !

And yet there is a Sun before whose face,  
 Alcyone, thy beauty fades and dies ;  
 Before the glory of whose star-clad brow,  
 The universe itself in anguish flies ;  
 O Jesus, Sun of heaven ! before Thy throne,  
 Each burning seraph veils his blushing face,  
 While all the ransomed stars which round Thee shine,  
 Reflect the beauty of Thy kingly grace.

---

#### FROM THE SHADOW TO THE SUBSTANCE.



FROM the shadow to the substance,  
 From the darkness to the light ;  
 From the evening to the morning—  
 Morning ever fair and bright.

From the conflict and the battle,  
 To the home where strife must cease ;  
 From the storms of time's rude ocean,  
 To the port of endless peace.

From the silence to the singing,  
From the winter to the spring,  
From the sorrow and the distance,  
To the presence of the King.

From the college to the teacher,  
From the lessons to the love ;  
From the glimmerings and the shinings,  
To the light all clouds above.

From the letters to the language,  
From the portrait to the prince ;  
From the passing looks and glances  
Of our childhood's impotence.

From the childhood to the manhood,  
Broken lisplings weak and few,  
To the heart's sublimest utterance,  
In an anthem ever new.

From the mist, and clouds, and starlight,  
Fitful gleams all far away,  
To the full orb'd bright effulgence  
Of a pure and perfect day.

---

EVENING.



OW slow descending sinks the orb of day,  
His varied rays bright streaming o'er the sky,  
And eve slow lingering, clad in pensive gray,  
Soft veils each tint and bids each beauty die.

Thus sinks the Christian to his heavenly rest,  
While o'er his path his mellowed graces shine,  
'Till death all kindly steals his failing breath,  
And swift transports him to a fairer clime.

## NIGHT.

**E**ARTH laid her bosom on the breast of night,  
Who bathed her burning temples with his tears,  
And drew his curtains to exclude the light,  
And bade sweet sleep to banish all her fears ;  
Thus rests the Christian, through his night of grief,  
Assured that heaven's own morning yet shall dawn,  
While Jesus breathes the calm which brings relief,  
And bids him wait the resurrection morn.







## Songs of Fact and Circumstance.



### LINES ON MILLAIS' BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF A "SLEEPING CHILD."

**H**OW sweet, how calm, and placid is this face !  
Like primrose resting on a bank of snow,  
Its soft, sweet beauty seems indeed to grow ;  
In vain with words we seek to paint such grace.

Methinks 'tis such a face as angels fair  
Would gently gather 'neath their downy wing,  
And soothe to rest with softest notes they sing ;  
All hushed their movements through the silent air.

Sweet face ! where is the soul which seems to peep  
Through eyelids closed : where doth she fold her wing ?  
Doth she in some strange land her matins sing,  
Or stoop to soothe where pain and sorrow weep ?

Or does she wander o'er some far-off fields  
Of budding grass and pluck the flower, most sweet,  
All full of glee with merry, tripping feet ;  
While nature for her all her sweetness yields ?

We see no eyes ; yet how this face doth speak !  
 Like innocence upon the breast of love,  
 It seems to raise and point our hearts above  
 To that sweet land of peace we feebly seek.

It seems to say : " Poor weary one, be blest ;  
 There is a home beyond this toiling sphere,  
 Its psalm of peace e'en now thy faith may hear,  
 If like a child thou wilt believe and rest."

Oh, how amid our struggles, noise, and strife,  
 This face of sleeping child breathes perfect peace ;  
 Looks towards the day when all our work must cease,  
 Our frail bark loosened from the shore of life.

It seems as if the hand of heaven's own King  
 Had fixed this lovely picture on this wall,  
 And to life's fighting men did loudly call,  
 " See here the balm which innocence will bring :

You toil and fight, by pride and gold hard prest,  
 You all things have, and yet you are not blest ;  
 Rest like a child upon your *Father's* breast,  
 And strive by faith to enter into rest ! "

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### THREE LITTLE BEDS, THREE LITTLE HEADS.



THREE little beds, three little heads,  
 Where home its genial influence sheds ;  
 All fast asleep and taking rest,  
 Like little birds in downy nest ;  
 How weak and helpless each one seems,  
 God send them sweet and pleasant dreams.

Three little lambs to love how dear !  
How fair their golden locks appear !  
How bright the flush upon each cheek,  
Those pouting lips, almost they speak !  
The little hands, how small and fair,  
Crossed o'er the breast like nun in prayer !

Three little stars in silent sky,  
A world of thought and mystery !  
A little kingdom, conquered quite  
By soft caresses of the night.  
On thy kind breast, O gentle sleep,  
Hold fast these babes in slumbers deep !

Three little brooks, subdued and quiet,  
Belligerent States, all free from riot !  
Three little books with folded leaves ;  
Three sleeping flowers ; each fragrance breathes !  
How sweet the rest which nature weaves,  
Like moonlight nestling 'mid the sheaves !

How calm and sacred seems this place,  
Invested with a holy grace ;  
What peace sweet innocence doth bring,  
Its presence seems a solemn thing !  
We hear the hush of angel's wing,  
And feel the presence of a king !

O Shepherd, from Thy sunlit home,  
Where lives that flock which ne'er can roam,  
Shield these our lambs from rude alarms,  
And fold them in Thy loving arms !  
Breathe on them, though enthroned above,  
The blessing of Thy perfect love !

## LITTLE FEET.



LITTLE-FEET comes patter, patter,  
Up and down on every stair ;  
Little-feet comes patter, patter ;  
“ Sis’er, mamma, are you there ? ”

Little-feet comes patter, patter,  
Overhead along the floor ;  
Little-feet comes patter, patter,  
Often kicking at the door.

Little-feet comes shuffling, shuffling,  
Sparkling eyes and golden hair ;  
Little-feet comes shuffling, shuffling  
Round papa and mamma’s chair.

Little-feet comes patter, patter ;  
“ Mercy on us ! what is that ? ”  
“ Little-feet has—what a clatter !—  
Tumbled down upon the cat.”

Little-feet comes patter, patter :  
“ There’s the tea-things on the ground ! ”  
Little-feet says, “ Vat’s the matter ? ”  
Looks of wonder all around.

Little-feet comes patter, patter :  
“ There, now, see, she’s torn the book ! ”  
“ Here she comes ! ” still patter, patter ;  
“ Just observe her saucy look ! ”

Little-feet comes patter, patter ;  
Oh, the noise and strife she feeds !  
Little-feet comes patter, patter ;  
Oh, the care and love she needs !

Little-feet comes patter, patter ;  
Often fills our hearts with fears :  
Still, oh, should we lose this patter,  
How our eyes would fill with tears !

Little-feet comes patter, patter :  
“ When, oh, when, shall we have peace ? ”  
Still our home, how sad without her !  
May her patter never cease !

Sneezing, wheezing, coughing, crying,  
Fighting, screaming all the day :  
“ Oh,” says mother in her sighing,  
“ Take this noisy child away ! ”

Still there comes the patter, patter,  
Little-feet 'mid care and woe ;  
Still will come the patter, patter,  
And our sorrow oft must go.

Little-feet comes patter, patter ;  
Oh, what dangers round them meet !  
“ O Lord Jesus, blessed Master,  
Guard and guide these little feet ! ”

---

THE LITTLE EMPTY BED.



EN a chamber dim and silent  
Stood a little empty bed ;  
All precise and trim the curtains,  
With their flowers of green and red ;  
Bright the narrow strip of carpet,  
Undisturbed by little feet ;  
In a vase, too, on the table,  
Stood some roses fresh and sweet.

Every object seemed so quiet ;  
Little table, bookcase, chair,  
Seemed as though they all were looking  
At some unseen spirit there ;  
Oh, so quiet, calm, and peaceful,  
All the night and all the day ;  
Just as though the room were mourning  
For some old friend now away.

Sometimes mother sought this chamber,  
Gazed upon the little chair ;  
Sad and thoughtful, often weeping,  
Many long hours she spent there ;  
Often here she prayed and pondered,  
Sometimes in the chair sat knitting ;  
Nought disturbed the pensive silence  
But the little sparrows twitting.

To the closet in the corner  
She would sometimes rise and go,  
Move a little frock or bonnet,  
Symbols of her loss and woe ;  
Little shoes and little playthings,  
Each in its own place was found ;  
All, indeed, to her seems sacred,  
And the place most holy ground.

But there was a box more precious,  
Over which mamma oft wept ;  
Just as little fingers left it  
On the night she sweetly slept ;  
Little thimble, pins, and needles,  
All so placed to take no harm ;

Shining sixpence, wrapped in flannel,  
As though the child would keep it warm ;  
Little doll's frock, half completed,  
Little shoes of white and blue,  
And a piece of worsted knitting,  
With the needle peeping through.  
Oh, the showers of tears which watered  
Each and every little thing !  
O poor mother, cease thy weeping,  
Lives thy child now with the King ;  
Though her sparkling eyes you see not,  
Nor the waving golden hair,  
In life's city, with the angels,  
She is still more bright and fair.

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### LITTLE GRAVES.



LITTLE graves in every place,  
Little graves where'er we go ;  
In the country, in the city,  
Filled alike by high and low ;  
Little cabinets of treasure,  
Trophies of redeeming love ;  
Covered walks to yonder city,  
Brightly shining from above.  
Little chambers draped in sorrow,  
Little gardens ever green,  
Shining gems on earth's dark bosom,  
Where the Saviour's love is seen ;  
Little ports and little harbours,  
'Mid life's rough and stormy main,  
Where love hides her little vessels  
'Till the sea is calm again.

Little arks of love's designing,  
Overlaid with mercy's gold,  
Where the almond rod shall blossom,  
Spite of frost and winter's cold ;  
Little cells in love's deep ocean,  
Where Christ's precious stones do lie ;  
Mystic caves of hidden beauty,  
Open to the Saviour's eye.

Little mounds by winter raised,  
Covered o'er with frost and snow,  
'Till the breath of Spring all fragrant,  
Bids the bulb within to grow ;  
Little beds of fragrant spices,  
Blooming on earth's furrowed breast,  
Where death's lullaby, all soothing,  
Hushes innocence to rest.

Little nooks and little corners,  
Where, as miser hides his gold,  
Jesus folds those lambs whose fleeces  
Cannot screen them from the cold ;  
Little hives full of love's honey,  
Where the bees through winter dwell,  
Till to work the summer calls them,  
And with songs their joy to tell.

Little nests of sleeping songsters,  
Waiting for the coming spring ;  
Little chests of pure mosaic,  
Hiding jewels of the King ;  
Little boxes where sweet music  
Dwells in every silent string,  
Music which Christ's breath shall waken,  
Till the very heavens shall ring.



Heaven's own caskets, long time hidden,  
Known and precious to life's King,  
Who from every land and nation,  
All His treasures home will bring ;  
Little springs for ever flowing,  
To love's vast and boundless sea ;  
Destined each to swell its glory,  
Share its strength and majesty.

Little kingdoms, calm and peaceful,  
Lost amid life's heat and blaze ;  
Little seed-plots which shall open  
To the sun's all quick'ning gaze ;  
Little shells all hid in secret,  
In love's ocean, deep and fair ;  
Whence shall come these pearls of beauty,  
Which the King Himself shall wear.

Little wardrobes, soiled and blackened,  
Long time slighted and unknown,  
Yielding robes of state to Jesus,  
Pure and bright before His throne ;  
Christ's own hidden founts of beauty,  
Which at last shall spread and rise  
To the highest heavens of glory,  
Fill them with a vast surprise.



## THE CHILD, THE DARK NIGHT, AND THE STARS.

LITTLE WILLIE would go to the lecture. When he went it was full daylight, and the pictures and other things exhibited kept his little eyes wide open till it was very late for him ; but when he came out with his mamma to go home, it was night, and very dark. The contrast between the light and bright pictures within, and the darkness without, appeared at first very great ; and he was evidently very frightened, for it was the *first time* that he had been out at night. And so, creeping up close to the side of his mamma, and putting his little hand in hers, he said : " Who will take care of me, mamma ? Won't ou ? I couldn't go alone."



HE night was dark, the path was strange,  
Though often seen by day.  
" Who will take care of me, mamma ? "

The child was heard to say.

Poor little heart ! he feared the dark ;  
He should have been in bed :  
But, looking up, he saw the stars  
Clear shining o'er his head.

" O ma ! " said he, " pray what are these ?  
How beautiful they look !  
Are they God's eyes, now looking down,  
I read of in the book ? "

How oft as through life's night we walk,  
And, sad, in darkness weep,  
Like timid child with many fears,  
To Christ we gladly creep !

And Jesus takes us in His arms,  
And holds us to his breast,  
As mother folds her frightened child.  
And hushes it to rest.

And when with faltering steps we tread  
'Mid sorrows, gloom, and night,  
How like the stars God's words shine out !  
How welcome and how bright !

And o'er our path the Saviour sends  
The darkness of our fear,  
That we may seek His Father's face,  
And prize Him when He's near.

Lord, grant, like timid child at night,  
Our faith to Thee may flee,  
Our darkness make the light more bright,  
Which ever shines in Thee.

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#### THE MOTHER AND THE ANGEL.



HOLY angel clothed in light,  
Who often had to go  
With Jesu's kind and loving words  
To realms of sin and woe,  
As with th' angelic host he bowed  
Where saints from rapture sing,  
His list'ning ear with joy received  
This mandate from his King :  
" My son, to yonder distant world  
Now speed thy downward way,  
And to his crown and seat of bliss  
A ransom'd child convey.  
" In yonder book thou'lt find his name,  
The spot where he should dwell,  
The time of his departure, too :  
Mark ye the record well."

With reverent bow the angel turned,  
With joy the message hears ;  
While wondering seraphs stood around,  
And wished the mission theirs.

On rapid wing the angel passed  
As light streams from the sun,  
To where a weeping mother here  
Mourned o'er her dying son.

ANGEL—

Weep not, thou poor afflicted child,  
For thou hast cause to sing :  
Lo ! from thy Lord and Master's lips  
Glad tidings I now bring.

MOTHER—

Full well, sweet spirit, I can guess,  
What brings thee from above :  
Thou from my arms hast come to fetch  
This object of my love.

ANGEL—

For this, indeed, I've hither come ;  
But say, what means that tear ?  
Thy child's a ransomed heir of bliss :  
What hast thou, then, to fear ?

MOTHER—

Thanks for the tidings thou hast brought,  
But still 'tis hard to part :  
A child in these low lands of care  
Lies near a mother's heart.

ANGEL—

What thou dost feel, poor sorrowing child,  
I scarce can understand :  
One spring of joy we only know  
In yond' exalted land.

MOTHER—

True, happy spirit ; and I trust  
That spring of bliss I know :  
But oft the joys which mortals taste  
From lower sources flow.

ANGEL—

But why, poor saint, for so thou art  
Since thou my Lord hast known,  
Shouldst thou still wish to keep thy child?—  
Thy Master claims His own.

MOTHER—

'Tis natural here for us to love  
The children Christ may give,  
To shrink from death and mourn their loss,  
Though faith declares they live.

ANGEL—

But lo ! death comes not to thy child ;  
Thy Saviour bade me come  
To take thy babe beneath my wing,  
And bear it gently home.

MOTHER—

Oh, happy news ! and yet I pray,  
A mother's weakness bear :  
I would not yet resign my boy—  
Forgive the falling tear.

ANGEL—

Alas, poor child ! why shouldst thou wish  
Thine infant to retain  
In this dark world of sin and care,  
Of sorrow, death, and pain ?

How canst thou grieve thy holy Lord ?  
O strive thy heart to raise !  
And yield, O yield thy little one,  
To hymn thy Saviour's praise.

MOTHER—

Forgive, kind messenger of peace,  
The sorrow thou dost see :  
My faith would e'en resign my child  
To Him who died for me.

Thus spake the mother ; and the child  
Soft breathed its life away,  
Safe on the angel's bosom borne,  
To realms of endless day.

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## THE STORM AND THE GRAVES.




ADLY musing, late at midnight,  
In his quiet, lonely room,  
Sat the father, and he wondered,  
'Mid the darkness and the gloom,  
How the grave of little Charlie  
Looked beneath the old dark tree,  
Where he left him many years since,  
In the land beyond the sea.

As the wind, too, howled and whistled,  
And the rain fierce struck the pane,  
Thoughts of his long-buried Fannie,  
Caused his tears to flow again.  
"She, my first-born—loved so dearly ;  
Many miles from here she sleeps ;  
Called to face life's foe so early,  
O'er her grave my heart now weeps.  
" 'Neath the shade of yon cathedral,  
Lies my little Edwin, too ;  
Oh, how fresh in all his beauty,  
From his grave he springs to view !  
Thus, as through life's desert passing, ,  
Here and there I've pitched my tent,  
I have often left a treasure,  
Often wept as on I went.  
" O ye little graves, wide sundered,  
Looked upon as common things,  
Pressed beneath the feet of strangers,  
Thought of you, what grief it brings ! "  
Little graves, where'er we wander,  
Oh, the wealth of love they keep !  
Oh, what faith and love and sorrow,  
Hover round where children sleep !  
Yet our babes, though left in sorrow,  
Left in silence and in shade,  
Far away from hearts all loving,  
Side by side with strangers laid,  
Still are to the heart most precious,  
Dear each little silent grave,  
And our faith, in anguish riven,  
Looks to Christ again to save.

## BETWEEN TWO SAINTS.

B—— wrote to her sister to say that their father, an aged Christian, was buried between two other aged Christians well known to him, and that his being so placed was a very sweet thought to her.

ETWEEN two saints :  
In holy peace,  
Three royal priests  
From trouble cease ;  
All quiet laid,  
The last debt paid.

Between two saints :  
How tranquil, calm,  
These graves all breathe  
A silent psalm ;  
Faith here can sing  
'Neath angels' wing.

Between two saints :  
So would I sleep,  
On either side  
In slumbers deep ;  
God's precious dust,  
In sacred trust.

Between two saints :  
So would I rest,  
Laid side by side  
With those loved best ;  
God's children dear,  
All free from fear.



Between two saints :  
    How sweet the thought,  
To sleep with those  
    Whom Christ has bought ;  
Whom He will bring  
To see the King !

Between two saints :  
    All hushed to rest,  
Like weary doves  
    In sheltered nest ;  
The rest how sweet,  
Of pilgrim feet !

Between two saints :  
    Still one, though dead,  
By the same Lord  
    To pastures led,  
All bright and green,  
'Neath dazzling sheen.

Between two saints :  
    How strong yet weak,  
They lowly lie,  
    God's children meek ;  
Like birds at rest  
'Neath mother's breast !

Between two saints :  
    In holy calm,  
Life's battle o'er,  
    The air all balm ;  
Secure above,  
Each crowned with love.

Between two saints :  
In friendship sweet ;  
No more they toil  
With weary feet ;  
Life's hill is past,  
At home at last !

Between two saints :  
In lowly state  
These truly great  
All patient wait,  
'Till Christ shall say,  
"Come, come away !"

Between two saints :  
Thus would I lie,  
With Christ's own saints,  
Beneath His eye ;  
Nor ever crave  
A better grave.

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### THE PILGRIM.



HE night was dark, the way was rough,  
The pilgrim worn and old ;  
Far distant seemed the home he sought,  
The winds blew fierce and cold.

His hoary locks streamed in the blast,  
His beard was long and fair ;  
The tears fast flowing down his cheeks,  
Found many a furrow there.

Beneath a rock which crossed his path,  
As rushed the storm along,  
He sought for shelter, and I caught  
The burden of his song.

“These many years I’ve sought my home,  
Beyond these changing skies,  
Still yonder lies my city fair,  
Though dim my failing eyes.

“The night is dark, I cannot see,  
But still God’s words shine bright,  
And Jesus lives to guide my steps,  
However dark the night.

“Through many years I’ve kept my way,  
Beset with foes and fears,  
But mercy has my wants supplied,  
And dried my falling tears.

“This storm howls fiercely round my head,  
And weak my fainting heart,  
But Jesus will sustain me still,  
And needful strength impart.”

So spake the pilgrim as he fell ;  
The Master whispered, “Come !”  
The morning broke—“A man found dead !”  
The pilgrim was at home !



## THE POOR MAN'S LEGACY TO HIS SON.



Y child, I soon must leave you,  
My only, dearest boy ;  
Not long these eyes will see you,  
My only earthly joy ;  
Your mother left me years ago,  
And bitter tears we shed,  
Since then with you I've struggled on,  
And worked for honest bread.

But still through all our sorrow,  
We've felt God's helping hand,  
Sweet hope has cheered our morrow,  
And shown the better land ;  
But now our day of parting  
Has come, my boy, has come,  
And I must leave you weeping :  
My Father calls me home.

Come now, and let me feel you,  
My eyes are strangely dim !  
Come now, and let me kiss you,  
My head it seems to swim ;  
Still let me clasp you once more  
Before I go to rest :  
Good Shepherd, keep my darling,  
And fold him to Thy breast !

Through years of toil and changes,  
By faith I've sought my rest,  
As bird on weary pinion,  
Its distant, welcome nest ;

And now with joy I see it,  
Behold it coming near,  
Though o'er my face, my darling,  
Flows down the scalding tear.  
Still short will be life's journey,  
My orphan boy, for you,  
And even now life's city  
Your faith can bring to view ;  
And I shall be around you,  
And watch you all the way,  
And hope at last to greet you  
In realms of perfect day.  
I cannot leave you money,  
I've neither land nor gold,  
My hands are hard with working,  
And now I'm poor and old ;  
But still I have a treasure,  
A good and honest name :  
More value this than money,  
Or what the world calls fame.  
This name, unknown to glory,  
I leave, my boy, to you,  
A trust indeed, most sacred,  
Be watchful and be true ;  
True to its stainless honour,  
More true to that sweet grace  
Which helped thy father's footsteps  
The path of life to trace.  
Remember 'tis not money  
Will make a noble man,  
Nor give true peace of conscience,  
However men may plan ;

Gold sought for ease or pleasure,  
Will starve and kill the heart,  
It cannot buy true friendship,  
Nor happiness impart.

Seek first, my boy, God's favour,  
The treasure of His fear ;  
Christ marks all your behaviour,  
And He is ever near ;

O seek, my son, *His* friendship,  
His love is more than gold,  
'Twill crown thy youth with beauty,  
And give thee strength when old.

Remember 'tis not money  
Can make you happy here ;  
But a heart with Christ contented  
Is happy everywhere.

Live not for self and pleasure,  
For this makes life a toy,  
In love and toil for others,  
You'll find your sweetest joy.

And yet despise not money,  
For 'tis the wise man's friend,  
Used well and for God's glory,  
You to His love may lend ;  
God marks the hand which giveth,  
The generous heart which feels,  
To such He grants all freely  
The balm which saves and heals.

Beware of those who flatter,  
And seek to tempt to sin,  
Wouldst thou be strong and happy ?  
Watch well thy thoughts within ;

Care not for human greatness  
Nor yet for this world's fame,  
Remember a pure motive  
Is better than a name.

Thou canst be great in little things,  
Through work which all can reach ;  
For, oh ! an honest, holy life,  
How widely doth it preach !  
And who indeed are great, my boy,  
The world can never know ;  
That which at last the King will crown,  
From His own heart must flow.

Wouldst have true greatness then, my son ?  
O seek thyself to hide  
In Christ's own beauty—follow Him !  
And walk as by His side !  
Cleave to His words though men revile,  
His truth will make thee brave,  
'Twill cheer thee when thy heart is sad,  
From sin and death will save.

For happiness pray do not seek,  
Or from thee she will flee ;  
Do what is right and leave the rest :  
At last she'll come to thee ;  
View well thy path, but keep thine eye  
Fixed on the home above ;  
The Christian seeks to dwell in God,  
His portion is His love.

Judge not of God by what you see,  
But learn in faith to wait ;  
Though pride and wealth now seem to reign,  
The meek and true are great ;

Wouldst thou the path of life maintain?  
 Opposed, still persevere;  
 Lean not on thy own strength, my son,  
 Seek help in secret prayer.

Beware of *One* who ever seeks  
 To snare the careless soul,  
 And look to HIM whose help alone  
 Can all his rage control.  
 The words grew faint : the father kissed  
 For the last time his boy;  
 Soon failed his breath; his spirit fled;  
 His sorrow changed to joy.

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#### PURITANISM AND THE PURITANS.



PURITANISM! how scoffs an empty age  
 At this! how curls the lip of thoughtless youth!—  
 The synonym with him of all that's base,  
 And hypocritical, and mean and vile.  
 Alas! 't has e'er been so; earth's noblest sons  
 Have ever lived unknown and oft despised.  
 'Tis hard to see the argent shield of fame,  
 Such fame as theirs, defiled by thoughtless boys;  
 To hear the beardless lip of young and vain  
 Frivolity blurt forth its shallow wit  
 And turgid impudence; but oh! 'tis sad  
 When grave and aged men join with the crowd,  
 And seek with eager hands to strike the men  
 Who should their reverence claim.  
 Puritanism! how oft in this soft age  
 This term is used—used as a knife by fools  
 To pierce the bleeding hearts of those who, strong



In faith and moved by Christ's own love, foresake  
A scoffing world—to fix a stain upon  
The blushing face of Godly Fear, and brand  
With scorn the man who loves and serves his God.  
Ah, well! the thoughtless sluggard eats the bread  
Which honest toil provides, nor gives him thanks,  
And often scorns the hand which clothes his back ;  
The sullen churl takes from his thrifty wife  
The fragrant meal, nor even looks his thanks ;  
The stolid hind moves on, his path bestrown  
With flowers, and, while his iron heel bears down  
Each drooping head, heeds not the sweets they throw  
Around his path. The little child oft drinks  
Its mother's milk, nor smiles its silent thanks.  
Alas for man ! The little bee will sing  
Its jubilant song for nectar often hid,  
And only housed by constant toil ; and the  
Stars, eloquent with silent beauty, extol  
The hand which gave their silver light a world  
On which to shine and greet our thoughtless eyes ;—  
But man takes God's best gifts in bitter scorn,  
Nor thanks Him for the blessings which they bring.  
Still, while a heart alive to TRUTH shall live,  
And patriotic, beat responsive to  
Her regal claims, the Puritans shall have  
Due honour and just praise ; their names engraved  
On saintly hearts, and ever shining on  
The robes which liberty and virtue wear.  
Then care not for the scorn, young man, of those  
Who class you with the Puritans ; only  
Be careful but to emulate their faith  
And bear their honours well ; right noble is  
Thine ancestry : and if through following HIM

Who bore thy sin the world should frown, lift up  
Thy head ; fear not ; for He who made thee His  
Will give thee courage, honour, influence,  
And that true victory which ever crowns  
His freeborn sons.

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### KING THOUGHT.



ERE words and noise make great display,  
Real strength and worth oft fret ;  
Still all but Truth shall pass away,  
King Thought shall conquer yet.

Mere empty pitchers most noise make ;  
Loud notes oft much praise get ;  
But though mere sound the crowd will take,  
King Thought shall conquer yet.

Mere painted pipes oft sweetly play,  
In gilded sockets set ;  
But though such music has its day,  
King Thought shall conquer yet.

Pride and pretension fill the earth,  
With space enough to let ;  
Still Truth shall have a mighty birth,  
King Thought shall conquer yet.

Men gamble—falsehood fills the world ;  
Some stake their souls and bet ;  
Still Truth's own banner is unfurled,  
King Thought shall conquer yet.



THE TWO BIRTHS.



PRINCE was born  
One summer's morn,  
Bells rang in every steeple ;  
What flags were seen,  
On village green,  
What shouts from crowds of people !

Dressed rich and gay,  
Caressed each day,  
Great name and wealth possessing ;  
Death sent his dart,  
It reached his heart,  
He died, nor left one blessing.

They placed his dust  
Where all things rust,  
And wrote above his story ;  
But time's sad blight  
Has hid from sight  
His name and all its glory.

A book was born,  
One winter's morn,  
The author dying early ;  
Few knew the man,  
Or his life's plan,  
Some did, and loved him dearly.

The book was new,  
And swiftly flew,  
Like golden light of morning ;  
It brought a day,  
To minds at play,  
Life's shams and falsehoods storming.

The author lives,  
 His book still gives  
 Its light to coming ages ;  
 A thoughtful brave,  
 Though lost his grave,  
 He dwells among the sages.

## TWO PICTURES ILLUSTRATIVE OF MODERN AND ANCIENT PREACHING OF CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

### THE DOMINICANS IN ENGLAND.

An event of great interest to Roman Catholics, the establishment of an order of Black Friars, at Haverstock Hill, was celebrated yesterday with characteristic pomp and splendour. Dr. Manning, among other things, said :—" The Church of God (his Church, of course) furnished with the *like image* as in the beginning, knowing nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, preaches still the same truths, in the same accents, with the same immutability and inviolability as at the beginning."—*Daily Paper.*



HE aromatic incense floated high,  
 And the rich organ spread its mellow notes  
 Blending its sweet and solemn cadences  
 With human voice and song. Paid artistes lent  
 Their aid to fringe with sweetest melody,  
 The rich embroidery of sound. The Sun  
 His bright rays darted through the coloured glass,  
 And with skilled hand tinted with gorgeous hues  
 The glowing scene. High on the altar steps  
 Stood those who claimed to be the priests of God,  
 Arranged in costly vestments, on each back  
 A rich embroidered cross shone bright ; anon,  
 These priests went up the steps, anon, came down,  
 And then, again, bowed to the east and west,

Each gesture studied, while the sound of bells  
Fell on the ear, and perfumes rich the senses  
Lulled in sensuous bliss. Again these priests  
Upon the altar steps, appeared with looks  
And hands outstretched towards candles burning bright  
And other shining objects of their praise.  
At intervals they uttered words, as in  
An unknown tongue, and men and boys well trained  
Responsive flung them back the monotone  
Their ritualistic, cabalistic art  
Required.

To this vain scene of operatic toil,  
Often called worship, all unexpectedly,  
Came in a woman, poor and meanly clad :  
Earnest and eager for the voice of truth,  
She forced her way to where her ears might catch  
The words she hoped to hear ; her heart was sad,  
And bled beneath the weight of conscious guilt ;  
“ Oh,” sobbed she inwardly, “ Could I but learn  
How God could pardon me, and how sweet peace  
Could reach this guilty breast ! alas ! alas !  
Poor am I and blind, and have no learning,  
And, much I fear, the Christian’s hope my heart  
Will never cheer, or loose me from my fears.”  
She listened to the music as it rolled,  
Its waves of sound through vaulted aisles, and wept ;  
It seemed to mock her grief ; she listened, oh !  
How eager, to the singing priests, and strove  
To catch the liquid notes soft floating by ;  
They seemed to gladden all but her ; “ Ah, me ! ”  
She bitterly exclaimed, “ no ray of light,  
Of mercy, peace for me ! ” The uplifted Host  
She saw, beheld the people rev’rent bow,

And she bowed too ; she saw them leave the place,  
And she left too ; and turned her weary steps  
Towards her sad home, her burden on her back,  
And eyes suffused with tears—Alas !

---

'Neath the shade of a palm grove,  
By the side of a stream,  
Stood a little proseucha  
Hid 'neath leaves ever green ;  
Plain and white were its stone walls,  
Calm and peaceful its shade,  
While through feathery palms  
The breeze oft music made.

To this place of devotion,  
God's Israel oft came,  
To adore their Jehovah,  
And to call on His name ;  
Oft to blend their glad voices  
On their own Sabbath-day,  
Or to mourn for their altars,  
Now far, far away.

Through the streets of Philippi,  
Past its temples and fanes,  
Passed on a poor trader,  
Not content with her gains ;  
To dispose of her purple  
She had come from afar,  
But the wealth her heart wanted,  
Was the bright "Morning Star."

So, though footsore and weary,  
Lydia passed on her way,  
Towards the Jewish proseucha,  
To worship and pray ;  
Her heart was all heavy,  
Her conscience was sad,  
For the Great Prophet's voice  
Could alone make it glad.

Long, long, had she sought Him,  
And longed for His voice,  
To heal all her sorrows  
And make her rejoice ;  
And as weary and pensive  
She now hurried along,  
Her heart sad and plaintive,  
Low murmured its song.

"Oh, when will the Shiloh,  
The Prophet appear ;  
Oh, when in His beauty  
And glory come near ;  
From my guilt and my fear  
Will He ever release,  
And make this sad heart rest,  
In His presence and peace?"

Thus spoke our poor pilgrim,  
And opened the door  
Of the well-known proseucha,  
And knelt on the floor ;  
When, lo ! on her ears  
From a voice, strange, but sweet ;  
Fell the glad news of mercy :  
She arose to her feet.

Gracious Paul was the speaker,  
 His message but one—  
 Salvation through Jesus,  
 God's crucified Son ;  
 Of pardon and mercy,  
 All flowing through blood ;  
 She listened—and—listened—  
 But scarce understood.

But the Good Spirit shone,  
 Made the mystery plain,  
 And her heart found its peace,  
 In the Lamb that was slain ;  
 Threw wide open its doors,  
 And exultant did sing,  
 As she found in her Saviour,  
 Her God and her King.

### THE TWO SHEPHERDS—A CONTRAST.

“ It is strange that in order to safeguard him whose anathemas formerly made Europe tremble, it was necessary for modern invention to discover just in time the most murderous instrument \* \* \* This is what the Papacy is now reduced to ; it subsists because a rifle has been made which makes wounds larger and more incurable than the old projectiles.”—*L'Opinion Nationale*.—*Paris, Nov. 10th.*

#### POPE—SOLILOQUY.



AM the only Shepherd of the sheep,  
 Oft for their safety do these sad eyes weep,  
 My sole prerogative to tend and feed,  
 All free from love of power and filthy greed.  
 For them all earthly grandeur I forsake,  
 And every saintly virtue would o'ertake ;



In His own footsteps would I seek to tread,  
Who for our sins low bowed His awful head.  
Like Him in lowly grandeur I would live,  
And all I have to keep His sheep would give ;  
Fame, titles, honour, all I would eschew,  
And steadfast keep the Master's cross in view ;  
Less than the least of saints I fain would be,  
And show my faith by true humility ;  
Would seek in summer's heat, or winter's cold,  
Each sheep which wanders from the only fold,  
Combine the serpent with the gentle dove,  
Like the Good Shepherd, rule my flock by love !  
Would yield my all—but hark ! what do I hear ?  
What are those distant sounds swift drawing near ?  
' It is the Garibaldians who have come,  
And say, as king you have no right to Rome ;'  
' Up, under Shepherds ! let the troops march out,  
And put this lying rabble to the rout !'  
Swift moved the savage, hireling band, well fed,  
The shepherd went not ; slept he ? yes, in bed ;  
His lambs met others—Well too were they armed ;  
*In hundreds fell the sheep !* No more alarmed,  
In pious phrase the shepherd's *thanks* must go  
To him whose bullets laid so many low."

O gentle shepherd of the seven hills,  
At thy soft words men's blood like rain distils ;  
Through all thy schemes and operatic love,  
We see the serpent but we miss the dove ;  
In words magniloquent in vain you bless,  
We see the wolf beneath the shepherd's dress.

## JESUS.

"If therefore ye seek Me, let these go their way."

"If ye seek Me, then let these go,"

Thus spake the Shepherd true ;

And turned to face His savage foes,

And bared His breast to view.

O Shepherd, who like Thee can save !

O who like Thee, so meek, yet brave !

Oh, sad the night when hireling bands

Inspired by hell and fierce !

Came forth with gleaming weapons, bright,

The Shepherd's breast to pierce.

O self-forgetful, patient Lord,

*Thou* could'st have slain them with a word !

Oh, dark the hour when Satan sought

To spoil God's holy Dove ;

And Judas with a traitor's kiss,

Sold, sold incarnate love.

"O mighty Shepherd, loose Thy fire !

O blast these men with righteous ire !"

Ah, no ! like patient lamb He goes

To meet the outstretched knife ;

To save His foes the Shepherd dies,

And yields His precious life.

"The Shepherd loves the sheep," said He,

"For them He gives His life most free."

He seeks no help, though faint with toil,

His eye with sorrow dim ;

The only swords which gleam around,

Are such as *point at Him*.

"Let them reach here"—He showed His heart ;

"My sheep must live—I bear their smart."

From heaven's own plains He could have called  
His warrior cohorts down ;  
But love all silent closed His lips,  
And wove His thorny crown.  
With flowing blood His brow is wet,  
O who such love can e'er forget ?

And shall we, Lord, who know Thy love,  
And by Thy blood are free,  
Mistake the savage Priest of Rome,  
O gentle Lord for Thee—  
Behold this hireling lifted high,  
And not pronounce his claims—a lie ?

O Shepherd now enthroned in light,  
O come in glory clad ;  
Clothed in the panoply of *truth*,  
And make Thine armies glad.  
O smite this bold usurper down,  
That dares to grasp Thy regal crown !

---

### SPRING.



RESPONSIVE to the sun's bright rays  
Spring opes her long closed eyes,  
From winter's cold and stern embrace  
With songs of joy she flies ;  
Her locks dishevelled by the blast  
In graceful waves now fall,  
While birds and flowers all joyful wake  
In answer to her call.

To where the woodland glades have slept  
Through many a cold, dark night,  
To where the gardens long have wept  
Her absence and her flight ;  
With laughing eyes and tripping feet,  
And garland round her brow,  
She hastens on with pleasant song,  
All sorrow banished now.

Sweet scents she flings upon the breeze,  
The violet lifts its head,  
And many a form of beauty smiles  
Which love had long thought dead ;  
The brooklet murmurs low its psalm,  
The birds all loudly sing,  
'Mid buds and blossoms 'mong the trees,  
And make the welkin ring.

A universal joy peeps out,  
From opening leaves and flowers,  
And faith looks forth with hopeful eye  
And hails the coming hours ;  
O when will light from heaven break forth,  
The Church's glory bring,  
And send her forth life's troubadour,  
And voice of endless spring !



SUMMER.



LIGHT-FOOTED o'er the laughing hills  
Comes summer fair and bright ;  
Her many-coloured robe she wears,  
The child of God's pure light :  
Thus, too, shall heaven's own morning dawn  
On eyes that watch and pray,  
And sin's dark winter, bleak and cold,  
In light shall melt away.

---

AUTUMN.



HOW soon does winter's icy breath,  
O'er nature throw the pall of death,  
Bid summer's bloom depart !  
E'en so, when God puts forth His hand,  
The glory, pride, and strength of man  
Die 'neath conviction's dart.

Where once sweet forms of beauty rose,  
A smiling sun to tempt repose  
With odours rare and sweet,  
Corruption foul now mars the scene,  
Where smiling beauty once was seen,  
With merry, tripping feet.

The peaceful calm has passed away,  
Each falling leaf proclaims decay,  
And death peeps 'neath the bloom.  
In vain we linger ; we must part ;  
Fair summer dies, and winter's blast  
Must bear her to the tomb.

Well, 'tis not good to live and dream  
For ever 'mid one summer scene,  
    Life's joys are ever fleet ;  
'Tis darkness makes us prize the light ;  
Day must in turn give place to night,  
    The bitter to the sweet.

But winter shall not aye abide,  
Not long her barren tomb shall hide  
    The summer's bloom and youth ;  
And so the mind, like nature's fields,  
From sternest discipline oft yields  
    A golden crop of truth.

---

#### WINTER.




WHEN winter comes with mist and cloud,  
    However bright our hearth may burn,  
We feel as though the sun was gone,  
And summer days would ne'er return.

But time moves on, the winter goes,  
Spring comes with birds and flowers ;  
We soon forget our days of gloom,  
    'Mid joys of brighter hours.

So when the sable cloud of fear,  
    Rests heavy on the heart,  
And hope wide spreads her fluttering wings,  
And threatens to depart—

We think grief's winter must abide,  
    So slowly do we learn ;  
'Till Jesus shows His face again,  
And bids our joy return.

WINTER'S DEPARTURE.

TERN winter now withdraws her face,  
Folds up her snow-white robe,  
And kindly and with thoughtful grace  
Seeks out some new abode.

We wish her well with all her troop,  
Though oft her gloomy brow  
Has pained our heart and made it droop :  
All this we pardon now.


For still amid her storms and death,  
Her love was true though stern ;  
Disease and sickness fled her breath,  
O may they ne'er return !

And spring now comes with laughing eyes,  
And hands all filled with flowers ;  
To other scenes our faith now hies,  
And sings 'mid summer bowers.

So from the sorrows of the past,  
May faith her homage bring,  
And sternest grief some pledge impart  
Of everlasting spring !

---

THE LARK IN FLEET STREET.

AR above the din and patter  
And the endless whirl of matter,  
Pushing crowds, and cries, and splutter,  
Rattling wheels, and dirt, and gutter,  
Perched within a cage up yonder,  
To the boys a constant wonder,  
Sits our lark and sing his ditty,  
'Mid our grim and dusty city.

High above the noise and rattle,  
Of our daily crush and battle ;  
'Mid the shrieks, and shouts, and laughing,  
Jokes and jeers, and constant larking ;  
On his little turf all cheerful,  
Looking down on eyes oft tearful,  
Sits our lark and sings his ditty,  
'Mid our dark and toiling city.

His are fitful gleams of shining.  
Yet his heart shows no repining ;  
Oft his cage looks dark and dreary,  
Still he gives us songs most cheery ;  
Let bright Sol pay one short visit ;  
Oh, what strains his rays elicit !  
Soon sweet music loudly pealing,  
Up and down the street is reeling.

High above the cabs and rattle,  
Come his notes like strains in battle ;  
From his little throat all swelling,  
Sweetest anthems ever welling ;  
Noise increased, more loud his singing,  
Piercing notes o'er hubbub ringing ;  
Valiant songster of the city,  
Fleet-street cannot choke thy ditty.

O sweet bird so bravely singing,  
God's own praise for ever hymning,  
Through this weary, warring city,  
May my heart, too, sing its ditty ;  
Even here let sunshine reaching  
Guide my heart to love's own keeping ;  
Claim its notes 'mid toil and wonder,  
For the clear sky shining yonder.



THE BEE IN THE CITY.



WHAT do I see,  
A little bee?  
Sweet little troubadour !  
How can he thrive,  
In this dull hive,  
Perched up on this old floor?  
Well, now you'll see,  
He soon will flee  
O'er chimneys, streets, and houses,  
To keep him in,  
He thinks a sin,  
His temper it arouses.

There ! off he goes  
In spite of foes,  
In search of air and honey ;  
Just hear him sing !  
A little king,  
With neither land nor money.

Up, up, he flies,  
'Bove human eyes,  
All wild and most unruly,  
Now safe his joys  
From men and boys,  
He knows what he's at surely.

To gardens gay,  
Where sunbeams play,  
He goes, nor asks for pity,  
There all day long,  
He sings his song,  
Then flies back to the city.

So here he'll stay,  
His music play,  
Although his hive is dreary ;  
To gardens gay  
He hies away,  
So keeps his heart most cheery.  
And here am I,  
I cannot fly,  
Nor leave this toiling city ;  
But hope can sing,  
With broken wing,  
Or you my lot might pity.

---

#### THE SNOW AND THE PLANT.



SAW the snow swift hurrying down,  
Its flakes all pure and bright ;  
My growing plant, so watched and loved,  
Was hidden from my sight.

I mourned to think my plant must die,  
Its beauty ne'er be seen ;  
When lo ! the sun flung forth its rays,  
Revealed my treasure—green !

Thus oft doth sorrow clothe the church,  
And hide each growing charm,  
While Jesus in her robe of grief,  
Preserves her life from harm.

And when Christ's glory shall appear,  
And greet our ravished sight,  
From sorrow's winter she shall spring  
In robes all pure and bright.

## WOMAN'S SPHERE AND WORK.

"The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world."

"Let woman's smallest rights be respected, her smallest wrongs redeemed ; but let her never be persuaded to forget that she is sent into the world to teach man that there is something more necessary than the claiming of rights, and that is, the performing of duties ; to teach him specially, in these so-called intellectual days, that there is something more than intellect, and that is—purity and virtue. Let her never be persuaded to forget that her calling is not the lower and more earthly one of self-assertion, but the higher and diviner calling of self-sacrifice ; and let her never desert that higher life which lives in others and for others, like her Redeemer and her Lord. And if any should answer that this doctrine would keep woman a dependant and a slave, the answer is, Not so ; it would keep her what she should be—the mistress of all around her, because mistress of herself."



HE is not called to noise and bustle,  
To Mammon's mart, where men oft hustle ;  
To senate, or to public speech,  
To snatch at things beyond her reach :  
Woman's true work makes no stir,  
God has nobler work for her.

As the dew descends in quiet,  
Making neither noise nor riot ;  
Helping all the weak and drooping,  
Bruisèd life oft crushed and stooping :  
Woman's love is ever spreading,  
Healing balm all gently shedding.

As the rain in gentle showers  
Brings us blossoms, fruits, and flowers ;  
When the earth, with wounds wide gaping,  
Hard and dry with heat is chafing :  
So a woman's love wide spreading,  
Healing balm is ever shedding.

As the fruitful rain descending,  
On no human art depending,  
Falls upon the lofty mountain,  
Hidden nook and trickling fountain :  
So a woman's influence spreading,  
Fruitful balm is ever shedding.

As the light brings life abounding,  
Beauty all our path surrounding,  
Nourishing the tree wide spreading,  
Little flower its fragrance shedding :  
So to saintly woman's teaching  
Owe we more than books or preaching.

Man's true moral worth and power,  
Comes to him through woman's dower ;  
What she is will be the nation,  
This is more than strength or station :  
Here's her sphere—Lord, make her brave,  
Nobler work no heart need crave.

---

#### THE FIRST GREEN LEAF.



H, welcome, thrice welcome, is the first green leaf,  
Though small, and scarce seen in the hedge ;  
For its first modest peep, so green and so bright,  
Of spring is the earnest and pledge.

Thou'rt welcome, green leaf, as the first word of love,  
On hearts from which hope long has fled ;  
When friendship long buried springs forth green and true,  
And declares that her love is not dead.

And welcome the leaves on humanity's tree,  
How lovely, fresh, tender, and bright,  
The children God sends us, the hope of the church !  
God keep them from sin's deadly blight !

And sweet, two, the fresh, budding mind of a child,  
As its thoughts into words it oft weaves :  
O watch them, ye parents, let the dew of Christ's word  
Distil on these sweet, tender leaves.

But sweeter by far is the green leaf of faith,  
Just piercing through nature's dark clod ;  
The earnest and pledge that Christ's guiding hand  
Is training the soul for its God.

That its winter has passed, and bright summer days,  
Will clothe it with beauty and grace,  
Till, crowned with God's smile in His garden above,  
It finds in His presence its place.

---

#### THE LAST SAD HOUSE OF CLAY.



WHEN to the last sad house of clay  
With drooping hearts we go,  
And see the form once dearly loved  
By strangers' hands laid low ;  
When love's soft hand our mem'ry wakes  
To ponder o'er the past,  
And busy thoughts which come and go  
Bids tears flow thick and fast ;  
When conscience, too, with mirror bright,  
Holds up our faults to view,  
And faithful brings those charges home  
Our hearts confirm as true ;

Oh, then how sweet it is to know  
 That *all* can be forgiven  
 By *One* who has in tender love  
 Called home our friend to heaven.

That now our fickle, wayward hearts,  
 Their love shall grieve no more,  
 But, perfected in love and bliss,  
 They worship and adore.

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### THE CLAY AND THE CURE.

(Luke xviii. 35.)

**B**Y the wayside a poor man wept,  
 Sad, blind, and dark he lay ;  
 Bold Science came and touched his eyes,  
 But still she brought no day.

Then Poetry with fingers chaste,  
 And Art with sparkling eyes ;  
 And many looked, and many said,  
 " His darkness surely flies ! "

Christ came to where the poor man prayed,  
 Where he in darkness lay,  
 And stooping down He reached the ground,  
 And touched his eyes with clay.

The work was done—the man could see !  
 Clay did the work at once ;  
 But no, it was not clay indeed—  
 It was the Master's voice.

And through this clay He speaks to us,  
 " 'Tis not means great or small ;  
 In doing work which I approve,  
 I am myself THE ALL."

WISDOM'S CRY FROM THE CITY.

“Wisdom crieth without ; she uttereth her voice in the streets : in the city she uttereth her voice.”—Proverbs i. 20.

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Dedicated to the Sunday-school teachers who bravely stood by their work in the midst of the cholera districts, in July and August, 1866.



ES ; in the city wisdom cries,  
Still gives her tears and breathes her sighs,  
Still gently claims her children's ear,  
And kindly speaks their hearts to cheer :  
“ Believe and work ; believe and give ;  
Believe and wait ; believe and live.”

Through toiling men bowed down with care,  
Through myriads faint for want of air,  
Through courts and alleys, shops and streets,  
Her gentle voice our hearts still greets :  
“ Believe and work : believe and give ;  
Believe and wait ; believe and live.”

Through cellars low, and garrets high,  
Where toil and pain still work and sigh,  
And helpless want sinks down to die,  
Still faith hears wisdom's gentle cry :  
“ Believe and work ; believe and give ;  
Believe and wait ; believe and live.”

Through crowds of men intent on gain,  
Dead to their fellows' woes and pain ;  
Through empty churches, well-filled gaols,  
And crowded warehouses and bales :  
“ Believe and work ; believe and give ;  
Believe and wait ; believe and live.”

Through broken panes where children peep,  
And vice and drunkenness oft sleep ;  
Through oaths and curses, foetid breath,  
Disease, and pestilence, and death :  
    “ Believe and work ; believe and give ;  
    Believe and wait ; believe and live.”

Through faces seared and marred by sin,  
Furrowed by sorrow, wan and thin ;  
Eyes blinded by the mist of tears,  
Hearts hardened by the vice of years :  
    “ Believe and work ; believe and give ;  
    Believe and wait ; believe and live.”

Through age devoid of love and truth,  
Foresaken babes, corrupted youth,  
Through crimes which Christians may not name,  
And fallen women void of shame :  
    “ Believe and work ; believe and give ;  
    Believe and wait ; believe and live.”

Through little feet that scarce can walk,  
And little tongues which scarce can talk ;  
Through age fast tottering to the tomb,  
And youth decaying in its bloom :  
    “ Believe and work ; believe and give ;  
    Believe and wait ; believe and live.”

Through broken hearts, which sadly moan,  
And wandering crowds without a home ;  
Through noise and turmoil, toil and strife,  
Lone spirits struggling into life ;  
    “ Believe and work ; believe and give ;  
    Believe and wait ; believe and live.”



Through widows' tears and orphans' wail,  
And scenes where sternest hearts oft fail ;  
Through brazen falsehood ever heard,  
And grief which never speaks a word :  
    " Believe and work ; believe and give ;  
    Believe and wait ; believe and live."

Through fever, pestilence, and woe,  
And brave hearts grappling with each foe ;  
Through crimes no human lips can tell,  
And myriads trooping down to hell :  
    " Believe and work ; believe and give ;  
    Believe and wait ; believe and live."

Through Christian teachers true and brave,  
Who look to Christ the lost to save ;  
And still with sin and danger fight,  
Cheered by the gospel's blessed light ;  
And, while disease swifts speeds along,  
Work for their Lord ; His love their song ;  
And leave with Him, with cries and tears,  
Their dearest hope of coming years :  
    " Believe and work ; believe and give ;  
    Believe and wait ; believe and live."

---

BEAUTIFUL SHOWERS.



H, beautiful showers !  
    Ye come bringing flowers  
And tinting our gardens with green ;  
    You heal winter's strife,  
    Fresh clothing with life  
Dark furrows, where death reigned supreme.

Oh, beautiful showers !  
Ye bring us sweet bowers,  
To shelter from summer's fierce heat,  
Unfolding green leaves,  
And promising sheaves,  
And odours most welcome and sweet.

Oh, beautiful showers !  
Of all our rich dowers  
Most useful, dispelling our fears ;  
How Nature rejoices  
With numberless voices,  
And smiles in the midst of her tears.


Oh, beautiful showers !  
Ye bring us glad hours,  
When Jesus revealing His love,  
The heart lone and broken  
Receives a sweet token  
Of favour which comes from above.

Oh, beautiful showers !  
How soon all our powers  
Spring up from the long sleep of death  
When the Spirit of love  
Descends from above,  
Like spring with its sweet scented-breath.

Oh, beautiful showers !  
Ye do bring us flowers,  
When we see the dear little ones grow  
In love to the Saviour,  
And pleasant behaviour,  
The sweetest of all sights below.

PUT THY LAMB IN CHRIST'S OWN BOSOM.

Lines suggested by the grief of a poor dying Christian who was anxious and sad because he had no property to leave his little boy.

UT thy lamb in Christ's own bosom,  
He will keep it warm ;  
All its griefs will hush to silence,  
Hide it from each storm.

See the heart of Jesus open  
To thy love and trust ;  
Take thy lamb and give it to Him,  
Leave it soon thou must.

Could mere money ever purchase  
Such a downy nest ?  
Take thy bird—in Christ's heart place it,  
*There* ye both can rest.


True, thou canst not leave thy darling  
Houses, land, or gold ;  
But thy faith can riches bring him  
When Thy heart lies cold.

Many toil to leave their children  
Rich but for a day ;  
Poor in conscience, lost their treasure,  
Soon they pass away.

Leave thy child, then, with the Master,  
Place him in His hand ;  
Ask that love's own gentle teaching  
He may understand.

Ask in faith, and nothing doubting,  
Though a bruised reed ;  
And thy child, though poor and orphaned,  
Shall be rich indeed.

## THE EYE AND THE SUN.


 HE eye's related to the sun,  
 And by its light is known ;  
 And through this fact to Christian men,  
 Another truth is shown—

Faith in herself can give no light,  
 Is often dark or dim ;  
 But viewing Christ, she conquers self,  
 And lives by seeing Him.

---

## REST, PILGRIM FEET.

Written on the death of an afflicted Christian.

 EST, pilgrim feet ! life's journey's done,  
 No more the cold wind, rain, and snow ;  
 But balmy breezes soft and sweet,  
 And light and joy where'er ye go.

Where thorns and briers often pierce,  
 Life's desert paths no more ye tread ;  
 No more shall angry tempests break  
 In pit'less fury o'er thy head.

For lo ! the city of the blest !  
 Its pearly gates and streets appear ;  
 The prize long sought through many a storm,  
 And many a sad and changeful year.

Take off thy sandals, now, and rest,  
 The heat and dust of time are past ;  
 Lie down and rest, for ever rest !  
 For peace and home are reached at last !

THE DRUNKARD'S RETURN.



FROM sin's withered, arid plains,  
Scorched by God's eternal ire,  
Where death's poison breathes and reigns,  
And the streams run liquid fire :  
Come I back with blushing face,  
Deep the scars of my disgrace.

From the land where dark clouds lower,  
And the thunders mutter wrath,  
Where sin's vivid lightnings play,  
Threat'ning death, and after—worse :  
Come I back with cries and tears,  
Mourning o'er the misspent years,

From the land of burning thirst,  
Which no drops of mercy lave,  
Where despair beneath God's curse  
Beats his victims while they rave :  
Come I back all faint and low,  
Bruised and stunned by many a blow.

From the land of broken hearts,  
Swollen eyes and scalding tears,  
Where pale want, all bruised and crushed,  
Ever weeps the misspent years :  
Come I back, lone and forelorn,  
Mourning friends for ever gone !

From death's fête and carnival,  
Where no tears or prayers prevail,  
And folly blends its hideous mirth  
With the wives' and orphans' wail :  
Come I back with sin's own seal,  
Sorrow which no skill can heal !

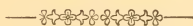
From hell's masquerade and fair,  
Where each vice lifts high its head,  
And the merry village bells  
Ring their chimes o'er virtue dead :  
Come I back, by love made free,  
Mercy now my only plea !

From the land of wounds and strife,  
Murder, theft, and every crime,  
Where each lust and passion rife,  
Revels 'mid disease and slime :  
Come I back with sigh and moan,  
Saved by Christ, by Christ alone !





## Songs of Christian Life.



### IDEALS.



LIKE children with a pack of cards  
We build our houses here,  
And furnish them with tender plants  
And all the heart holds dear :  
God sends a wind, and down they come,  
Our hearts now broken seek His home.

Ah ! little think we as we toil  
To build our fine ideals,  
How much the heart of Jesus bleeds,  
How much His love oft feels :  
No wonder oft our joys should go,  
When *they* are all and Christ is wo !

We open wide affection's door  
To those who slew the Lord,  
No wonder they should often turn  
And pierce us like a sword :  
All may come in—Christ weeping stands,  
And shows in vain *His* feet and hands.

The fire burns cheerful on the hearth,  
 Our friends all gather round,  
 We place a chair for each and all,  
 But Jesus is not found :  
 For Him, alas ! there is no place,  
 He scarce dares show His blessed face.  
 All, all we have our hearts could wish,  
 We are no longer poor,  
 We take the gifts the Saviour gives,  
 With these we bar the door :  
 Yea, often shut it in His face,  
 And wound Him with His gifts and grace.  
 "Open to Me, my love," He cries,  
 But speaks and calls in vain ;  
 "The storm howls fiercely o'er my head,  
 Cold, cold the wind and rain ;  
 Open, my love, my spouse, to Me,  
 I bore thy sins ; what !—from Me flee !"  
 Ah, gracious Lord ! these sad ideals,  
 How *can* we live in *Thine*,  
 No wonder happiness should flee,  
 Where truth may never shine :  
 O Jesus, make these hearts to feel,  
 Be thou our only true ideal !

---

### LIGHT COME, LIGHT GO.



THAT truth which little costs is loosely held,  
 We think of it as something once beheld ;  
 Like silver it may shine upon our crest,  
 Make us look fine when we are gaily dress'd,  
 But time will wear it off.



But truths which we have seen when doubts distract,  
Throwing their radiance o'er life's ocean tract—  
Shining like stars in sorrow's gloom and night,  
In memory's sky give forth no fitful light :  
O may such truth be ours !

The truths for which we fight we hold for life,  
They stir our faith and heal sin's bitter strife ;  
Like living bread they feed the hungry soul,  
Thus give us strength and nerve with self control :  
O may such truth be ours !

We hold and we are held ; truths grasped in storm  
In shipwreck hold us fast ; cheer when forlorn ;  
Truth wounds the heart, then comforts it to rest ;  
Thus truth and conscience wed, and both are blest :  
May we such conflict know !

---

### DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.

“ Jesus said unto them, Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of ; and with the baptism that I am baptised withal shall ye be baptised.”

“ That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings.”—PAUL.



WHAT mean these solemn words, O holy Lord ?  
They crush our hearts and pierce us like a sword ;  
From their stern breath our timid spirits shrink ;  
How can we taste the cup which Thou didst drink ?

As bends the willow wand before the storm,  
Or creeping eglantine of fragile form,  
So bend our hearts beneath the weight of woe  
Which none of Thy disciples may forego.

Oh ! when upon our path Thy face doth shine,  
How easy then to say that we are Thine,  
To bear Thy cross, and still to clasp Thy hand,  
And say, "We'll journey to the better land !"

But oh ! when tempests beat and blind the eyes,  
And from our pathway each loved comfort flies ;  
When weary, footsore, tempted, poor, and weak,  
No kind friend near a word of love to speak—

Then to be patient, still to wait on Thee,  
To wait in hope, and still Thy love to see,  
Ah ! then with tears we ask, "Lord, is it so ?  
From Thee, my Lord, from Thee, this weight of woe !

"Is this a portion of Thy bitter cup  
Which Thou wouldst have Thy child in faith drink up ?"  
Thus oft we murmur in our bitter grief,  
And spurn the love that fain would bring relief.

And yet in sunshine, oh, how oft we say,  
"We hope for fellowship with Christ to-day !"  
But when the meaning of these words is known,  
How small the fellowship our hearts can own !

What mean they, Lord ? Is it to trust Thee still,  
Though darkness oft our hearts with terror fill,  
Though pain and anguish drive all peace away,  
Still in Thy words to find our strength and stay ?

Is it in summer's heat, or winter's snow,  
When storms are hushed or tempests wildly blow,  
At duty's call to face the fiercest blast,  
To toil, and pray, and struggle to the last ?

Is it, when faint and weary, still to fight,  
To see behind the clouds the morning's light,  
To live by faith when others faint and fall,  
And mark Thy love still rules and governs all?

Is it to welcome falsehood, though it slay  
Our fondest hopes, and patient still to say,  
"Thy will, O Christ, be done; I'm not alone;  
In yonder world I shall be better known"?

Is it through long, long, weary days to toil,  
With no green blade to cheer the barren soil,  
And no kind voice to whisper "Bravely done,"  
Assured by faith the harvest yet will come?

Is't to believe that hindrances can help,  
Thought oft put back that love still speeds our way;  
That all which weakens sin and humbles self  
Will yield us gladness on some future day?

Is it to vindicate the poor, oppressed,  
To help the weak and succour the distressed;  
To bear their burdens, and the bitter scorn  
Of those who hate the prostrate and forlorn?

Is it the precious pearl of truth to hide  
Deep in our hearts, however men deride;  
And still to seek to make Thy glory known,  
Lift up Thy cross, and make Thy shame our own?

Is it, however scorned, misunderstood,  
To suffer on and seek my neighbour's good;  
All evil still to overcome by love,  
And patient wait the witness from above?



Flowers do not *make* their beauty,  
This proceeds from *life*, not duty,  
Dew descends in calm and quiet,  
Making neither noise nor riot.  
Light, which brings us joy and day,  
*Silently* speeds on its way.

Things both great and small it reaches,  
Of itself it never preaches,  
In its work we see it shine ;  
Own its source must be divine.  
Strive *to be* as well as *do* ;  
Keep not self but Christ in view.  
Let your fruit, however fair,  
Spring from what you *really are*.

---

TAKE HEART AGAIN, BROTHER.



TAKE heart again, brother ;

Thy sun, above  
The cloud still shining,  
Forbids repining :  
Rest in God's love.

Take heart again, brother ;  
To bleeding hearts  
Comes healing balm,  
Through storms the calm  
Which peace imparts.

Take heart again, brother ;  
Through sorrow's plaint  
Comes grace all healing,  
Love's gentle sealing :  
Do thou not faint !

Take heart again, brother ;  
Through failures skill  
Comes forth to brighten ;  
Love's work they heighten ;  
Wait and be still.

Take heart again, brother ;  
All through the way,  
Behold, the Saviour  
Marks thy behaviour :  
Do thou obey.

Take heart again, brother ;  
Life's discords bring  
Sweet hymns of gladness,  
Dispelling sadness ;—  
Songs from the King.

Take heart again, brother ;  
Through bitters, sweets,  
Our darkness brightens,  
Our burden lightens,  
Love strangely greets !

Take heart again, brother ;  
Do not despair ;  
Things giving sorrow  
May help thee to-morrow,  
Loosen thy care.

Take heart again, brother ;  
Thy bleeding feet,  
No path can tread  
Like His who bled :  
His bitter's sweet.

Take heart again, brother ;  
Though it is night,  
Yet comes the morning ;  
Lo ! its light dawning,  
Breaks on thy sight !

---

WHO WILL NOT THINK CAN NEVER GROW.



WHO will not think can never grow,  
King Thought must make us wise ;  
The insincere and sluggish heart  
Can never reach the prize.

Real wisdom has no easy path,  
Where indolence can creep ;  
To eat her bread and steel her wealth,  
Grow rich while fast asleep.

Men grow not like the trees or flowers,  
Or like the browsing kine ;  
And he who wisdom's goal would reach,  
Must toil in truth's own mine.


Must dig with pickaxe and with spade,  
Must wash his earth away ;  
Must learn to work on bended knee,  
Believe, and wait, and pray.

The path which leads where wisdom dwells,  
Is narrow, hard, and steep ;  
Some brave hearts struggle towards the goal,  
But many faint and weep.

But who have seen her lovely face,  
 And at her feet have knelt ;  
 Confess that but one smile of hers,  
 Will pay for all that's felt.

---

## TAKE TIME TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.

AKE time to understand each other ;  
 'Tis poverty shows all it has at once ;  
 'Tis shallow pride which deals in talk and bounce ;  
 But little fire will make a cloud and smother.

How long it takes our mother-tongue to read !  
 In common things great mystery doth live ;  
 Be slow to judge nor less thy love to give ;  
 To prudence and to charity give heed.

From well-known causes strange effects do rise ;  
 The simplest things are oft misunderstood ;  
 How much more man, of such strange and varied mood ;  
 Let us be modest then, in waiting wise.

It is the fool that utters all his mind,  
 In all he hath his back he doth array ;  
 The wise will hide their wealth, make no display,  
 Intent *to be* as well as to *seem* kind.

The flower of rapid growth doth soon decay ;  
 The oak which braves the sunshine and the storm,  
 All slowly rears its strong and graceful form ;  
 Thus grows the friendship which shall last for aye.



HAVE FAITH IN TRUTH.



HAVE faith in truth ;—  
Its strength can never fail,  
None can its life assail,  
Nor weakness e'er entail.

Have faith in truth ;—  
It is a sapling green,  
Whose fruit when clearly seen,  
Is never poor or mean.

Have faith in truth ;—  
Like fire it ever burns,  
All artifice it spurns,  
Our loss to gain it turns.

Have faith in truth ;—  
Like light it silent spreads,  
Its strength the tyrant dreads,  
The balm of peace it sheds.

Have faith in truth ;—  
'Tis ever fresh and new,  
'Tis gentle as the dew,  
Yet ever strong and true.

Have faith in truth ;—  
It makes the timid bold,  
Its love is never cold,  
Its friendship never sold.

Have faith in truth ;—  
The poor man it can raise,  
The rich can teach to praise,  
Love's sweetest, strongest phrase.

Have faith in truth ;—  
'Twill break the captive's chain  
'Twill heal sin's bitter pain—  
Life's noblest end will gain.

Have faith in truth ;—  
Its life can ne'er decay,  
All fear it can allay,  
All shall its rule obey.

Have faith in truth ;—  
Like water it must flow  
Through desert places go  
And heal all human woe.

---

### LORD, I AM BLIND.

“ And He took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town.”—Mark vii. 23.



LORD, I am blind, and cannot see my way,  
I am a child, O take me by the hand !  
From Thy sweet presence never let me stray,  
But upwards lead me to the better land.

My way seems darker, feebler too my sight,  
Dark shadows haunt me, faces wild and fierce,  
My wisdom's gone, I have no strength or might,  
Hell struggles hard my little faith to pierce.

I would not move a step without Thee, Lord,  
My foes are many, oft with fear I start ;  
Be Thou my shield, my buckler, and my sword,  
Pierce Thou hell's lion, quench each fiery dart.

I do not care to see the way I go,  
If Thou, O Lord, wilt deign to be my guide ;  
Whether the path may lead through joy or woe,  
All will be well if Thou art by my side.

In this unfaltering faith I place my hand  
In Thine ; Thou blessed Lord ! to Thee I flee,  
Whatever storms may blow I yet shall stand.  
Thou wilt not fail the soul that trusts in Thee.

---

### RETROSPECTION.



WHEN to the judgment of calm, sober thought,  
We bring the past with all its hopes and aims,  
And ponder o'er the things which God hath wrought  
To heal the mind and mitigate its pains ;

Oh, then, before the mercy-seat we fall,  
With weeping eyes confess how base we are,  
And deeply feel that Christ must be our all—  
Our only hope, and fairest of the fair.

When to life's blotted page we turn our eye  
To read the golden legend of Christ's love,  
How many dark lines doth our faith espy,  
Hiding that truth which points the heart above ;

Oh, then, before the mercy-seat we fall,  
With weeping eyes confess how base we are,  
And deeply feel that Christ must be our all—  
Our only hope, and fairest of the fair.

When to the mystic chambers of the heart,  
We turn to seek the tokens of God's grace,  
How few we see, and these how far apart,  
How hard the teachings of true love to trace ;

Oh, then, before the mercy-seat we fall,  
 With weeping eyes confess how base we are,  
 And deeply feel that Christ must be our all—  
 Our only hope, and fairest of the fair.

When to the faithful monitor within  
 We bend to catch the Spirit's loving voice,  
 What cries we hear, what sad reproofs for sin !  
 How few the notes that make our hearts rejoice ;

Oh, then, before the mercy-seat we fall,  
 With weeping eyes confess how base we are,  
 And deeply feel that Christ must be our all—  
 Our only hope, and fairest of the fair.

O Gracious Saviour, our sad moan now hear,  
 O let us not from Thee again depart ;  
 Through all the changes of the coming year  
 Help us to serve Thee with a perfect heart !

Though now with sorrow at Thy feet we fall,  
 With weeping eyes confess how base we are,  
 Still, gracious Lord, be Thou our all in all—  
 Our only hope, and fairest of the fair.

---

### LONGING.

“When I am heavy and sad, one of His (Christ's) love-looks would do me meekle world's good.”—S. RUTHERFORD.



LONGING for one gleam of brightness,  
 Longing for a word,  
 Longing for some pledge and token  
 Of Thy presence, Lord.

Longing for some gentle whisper,  
Longing for Thy love,  
Longing for some breath of sweetness  
Stealing from above.

Longing for the dew which quickens,  
Longing all the day,  
Longing for the sun that softens,  
Moulds the heart as clay.

Longing for the bread of heaven,  
Manna of the soul,  
Longing for those living waters  
Owning no control.

Longing for the wine which gladdens—  
Gladdens heavy hearts ;  
For that oil which, ever-flowing,  
Holy peace imparts.

Longing, longing, longing, Jesus,  
For Thy sweet embrace ;  
Never will my heart find true rest,  
'Till it sees Thy face.

---

“ WAIT.”



WAIT ;—

The dew which freshens  
Will not be hurried ;  
The hand of skill  
Must not be flurried.

Wait.

Wait ;—

Christ was a child,  
In wisdom grew ;  
Not all at once  
Himself He knew ;  
Wait.

Wait ;—

The ocean's rage  
Time soothes to rest ;  
Slow growth of strength  
Is oft the test ;  
Wait.

Wait ;—

Skill ever comes  
To patient work ;  
Success which men  
In vain would burk ;  
Wait.

Wait ;—

Years built the oak  
Which braves the storm,  
Close knit its trunk,  
And gave it form ;  
Wait.

Wait ;—

Truth's seed will grow,  
Though often slow ;  
And faith her king  
Shall one day know ;  
Wait.

“WORK ON.”



ORK on :—

Although the harvest tarry long,  
Nor comes the spring or bird of song ;  
Work on.

Work on ;—

God tries the faith He means to bless,  
To patient toil He grants success ;  
Work on.

Work on ;—

Faith's path is often edged by fears,  
The cheek of love oft wet with tears ;—  
Work on.

Work on ;—

The labourer's field is oft forlorn,  
His crowning joy of winter born :  
Work on, work on ;

“NOTHING LOST.”




HE light which swiftly passes by,  
Lights up yond star in distant sky ;  
The rays which hide beneath the earth,  
To beauty's progeny give birth.  
The dew the noontide glare exhales,  
At night the drooping plant regales ;  
The rain which nature drinks and hides,  
Feeds hidden brook which fruitful glides ;

Life which in winter seems to die,  
 Laughs in the breeze 'neath summer's sky ;  
 All here is change beneath the sun,  
 Life's waves through endless circles run.

---

### THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

A reply to the enquiry of one who wished to know how to live the  
 "higher Christian life."

 O many fine words now are used  
 For simple gospel things,  
 We scarcely know the gospel bell,  
 Though frequently it rings.

The higher Christian life we think  
 Is simply to lie low ;  
 For all we need in childlike faith,  
 To Christ the Lord to go.

Nothing to have in hand at all,  
 Contented to be poor,  
 A pensioner at mercy's gate,  
 Fed daily at her door.

Never to think our life is high,  
 Lest we should have a fall,  
 Well knowing in ourselves indeed,  
 We nothing are at all.

By turning off our eyes to self—  
 Looking to Christ alone,  
 Unconsciously we reach a life,  
 Which lifts us to His throne.



'Tis not by looking to our life  
Our faith will bring us peace,  
But as we rest on Jesu's words,  
And from our own works cease.

'Tis right to seek a higher life,  
But this dwells not in self,  
But as we live on Christ alone,  
The blessing comes itself.

In Jesu's blood and righteousness  
Our faith must find its rest,  
And living thus we get the strength,  
By which to serve Him best.

---

“WHO LIVES FOR TRUTH SHALL NEVER DIE.”



WHO lives for truth shall never die,  
But strong as truth shall be ;  
And he who seeks to live for truth  
Must falsehood ever flee ;  
Who lives for truth shall ever live,  
Death cannot touch his life ;  
The truth he lives his life shall be,  
And kill his death and strife.  
Who lives for truth, truth will not lose,  
For truth will hold her own,  
The seeds of joy and victory  
For such by truth are sown ;  
Who fights for truth, truth will defend,  
And vanquish hell and sin,  
And all who 'neath truth's banner fall  
The crown of life shall win.

## WILLING TO BE NOTHING.



MAKE me willing to be nothing ;  
Willing to be small ;  
Willing to be saved by Jesus,  
Find in Him my all.

I am nothing—nothing can be ;  
All I have is sin ;  
O may I be found in Jesus,  
His sweet favour win !

I am nothing ; oh, how worthless !  
None but God can know ;  
Nought I have that's good or holy :  
Only sin and woe.

Make me willing to be empty,  
Willing to be poor ;  
Guilty, broken, lost, and needy,  
At Thy mercy's door.

Make me *real*, Lord—make me humble,  
True to light and Thee ;  
As I am, and Thou dost call me,  
Gladly come to Thee.

Wherefore should I stand at distance,  
Trembling full of fear ;  
Dost thou not invite the guilty,  
Bid them to come near ?

Lost I am, O Lord and Saviour ;  
Nought I have to give ;  
But dost Thou not say to all such,  
Look to Me and live ?

Many years myself I've pondered,  
Still no good I see :  
Sure I am, through sin and sorrow,  
Faith must press to Thee.

Give this faith, Lord ! Thou art able ;  
Strong to save and just :  
Help me, Lord, as lost and guilty,  
In Thy name to trust.

Better, Lord, I never shall be ;  
Lost to Thee, I flee ;  
As a *sinner*, Thou dost call me,  
Glad I come to Thee.

---

A BREATH.



WHEN wearied with myself and sin,  
With foes without and war within,  
And scenes where few agree,  
O then, great Saviour, do Thou come  
And fetch a wretched wanderer home,  
To seek for all in Thee.

Thou hast a controversy, Lord,  
And all who love Thy faithful word  
Must keep their armour bright ;  
But oft in war we weary prove,  
And shrink from blows undealt by love,  
And fain would leave the fight.

Lord, grant that every hard-fought day  
May but Thy truth and love display,  
And prove we still are blest ;  
As soldiers may we still fight on,  
And hear Thee say at last, " Well done !"  
And enter into rest.

---

" OUTSIDE THE DOOR."

" Without are dogs."—Revelation xxii. 15.



HE night was dark, the winds blew cold,  
I stood outside the door,  
My feet were worn, my back was bare,  
And I was sick and poor ;  
I said, " O Jesus, take me in,  
O shield me from the blast,  
Though I have oft Thy mercy spurned,  
O save my soul at last !"

I heard a voice say, " Take him in,"  
The door was opened wide ;  
My fears were gone, I shelter found,  
Beneath His wounded side ;  
I saw His eyes—soft beaming love,  
I fell down at His feet,  
He raised me and He healed my wounds,  
With kisses pure and sweet.

I looked at Him, my heart was pierced,  
I bled at every pore ;  
I thought of all my sins and fears  
Outside that dreadful door !

But now that He has smiled on me,  
And I have seen His face,  
I hope to live to make Him known—  
Proclaim His wondrous grace.

---

“TRUST GOD EVER.”



E do not know what ills may come,  
Great is oft our fear,  
But we know that God can help us,  
And He's ever near ;  
Let us trust God, trust Him ever,  
He will never fail us—never !

Here we're oft exposed to danger,  
Danger great and near ;  
But we know that God can hear us,  
And He answers prayer ;  
Let us trust God, trust Him ever,  
He will never fail us—never !

Here our hearts oft fail within us,  
Gazing on our foes ;  
Blinded oft our eyes with weeping,  
Sinking 'neath our woes ;  
Still we'll trust God, trust Him ever,  
He will never fail us—never !

Here our way is rough and hidden,  
Long and dark the night,  
Oft we sigh, and long for morning,  
Morning clear and bright ;  
Still we'll trust God, trust Him ever,  
He will never fail us—never !

Here our foes are fierce and cruel,  
Waiting for our fall ;  
Weapons ready, bright and gleaming,  
Strong and watchful all ;  
Still we'll trust God, trust Him ever,  
He will never fail us—never !

Here our burden oft is heavy,  
And the flesh is weak ;  
Distant, too, that golden city,  
Fainting oft we seek ;  
Still we'll trust God, trust Him ever,  
He will never fail us—never !

Here spreads round us life's vast ocean,  
Moaning in its might ;  
Not a silver star soft shining,  
Cheers our aching sight ;  
Still we'll trust God, trust Him ever,  
He will never fail us—never !

Here the best seem most forsaken,  
Justice often sleeps,  
Ask we ; reason gives no answer,  
Only looks and weeps ;  
Still we'll trust God, trust Him ever,  
He will never fail us—never !

Here the whole creation groaneth,  
Full of toil and pain ;  
But we know there comes the morning,  
Jesus yet shall reign ;  
'Tis enough : we'll trust God ever,  
He will never fail us—never !

MAY OUR FACE EVER SHINE AS THE  
MORNING.

A PRAYER FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.



MAY our face ever shine as the morning  
On our children, the gift of God's love;  
That our lives may reflect the sweet beauty  
Of the clear, shining regions above.

As a waking child turns to light dawning,  
May we lift up our hearts to the Lord,  
That the rays of His presence all cheerful  
May shine through us like light from His word.

That, so catching the beams of His mercy,  
The bright dawn of His love, like the sun,  
With spirits all chastened and gladdened,  
Our pilgrimage path we may run.

As we toil through life's rugged journey,  
In the city, by mountain, or flood,  
In the midst of our work or our children  
May we show the bright face of our God.

---

DROP A WORD.



DROP a word :—

One little seed becomes a tree,  
One little drop helps fill the sea,  
One ray of light bids darkness flee.

Drop a word :—

One little spark oft lights the fire,  
One little look excites desire,  
One little spot betrays the mire.

Drop a word :—

One little star lights up the night,  
One little speck will spoil the sight,  
One little blow makes thousands fight.

Drop a word :—

One little mark betrays the thief,  
One little kindness brings relief,  
One little sin eternal grief.

Drop a word :—

One little beam will show the sun,  
One little word life's race how won,  
And pearly gates when life is done.

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### OUR CREED.



OW large a creed we sometimes have,  
And boast our faith secure ;  
But when brought low, into a word,  
God brings the whole—"endure."

How much we often think we know,  
And rest in words and names ;  
But oh, when in the furnace cast,  
How little gold remains !

Well, let all perish but the truth,  
For this will never fall ;  
Whate'er I lose, I have enough  
While Christ remains my all.



HOW TO JUDGE OF OUR WORK.



HE labours most who labours well,  
In faith, and hope, and love ;  
'Tis not the work—but *how* we work,  
Brings favour from above.

Pride looks at what the eye can see,  
At that which doth appear ;  
Calls that success which men approve,  
Which fills the eye and ear.

Faith thinks of what work *ought* to be,  
And when its praise is sung ;  
She tries the work of all she sees,  
By that from which it sprung.

THE SICK PREACHER'S PLAINT.

"I am like a broken vessel."—Psalm xxxi. 12.



BROUISHED, useless, cast aside,  
No help, no hope I see,  
To Thee, O Lord, I raise my eyes,  
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee !  
I know that I am worthless, vain,  
A thing of nought without a name,  
A lamp half quenched, a flickering flame,  
But Thou, my God, art still the same.

Why shouldst Thou crush a trembling thing,  
A leaf blown to and fro,  
A wounded moth with broken wing,  
An insect drowned in woe ?

O Lord, I pray Thee, now return,  
Nor let Thine anger ever burn ;  
O let me still Thy favour prove,  
And taste again Thy changeless love !

Wilt Thou pursue a timid deer,  
A lamb exposed and shorn,  
A little child all full of fear,  
Whose strength is well-nigh gone ?

I know Thy saints no mercy lack,  
But I'm a brand all charred and black ;  
Like bruised reed and smoking flax,  
None more than I Thy mercy tax.

Dost Thou indeed despise me, Lord ?

Ah, this full well I know,  
And it doth pierce me like a sword,  
I well might taste *this* woe ;  
For none like me Thy love hath grieved,  
'E'en since I knew Thee and believed,  
None to Thy grace so faithless proved,  
O holy Lord, yet best beloved !

I know thou dost not need me, Lord,  
Need me ! so poor and weak !  
Still through Thy Spirit and Thy Word,  
Thou bidd'st e'en me to seek ;  
To seek Thee, serve Thee, and rejoice—  
To spread Thy fame, to raise my voice ;  
And wilt Thou not help me again  
To show the virtues of Thy name ?

Yes, me ! the feeblest, vilest, worst !  
Deserving nought but woe ;  
By sin and Satan justly cursed,  
Still ever I would go ;


Go! Where? to Thee, O bleeding heart,  
No other balm can heal sin's smart,  
To Thy own wounds, and thence to tell  
How Thy free grace can save from hell.

Oh! if indeed it were not so—  
If men beneath Thy eye  
Did not Thy love and merits know,  
How soon their hopes must die!  
How poor their faith who in self trust,  
How soon their joy must reach the dust;  
Though high they rise 'tis but to fall,  
Thy death, O Jesus, is our all!

Then let me hope, though broken now,  
That I shall yet be healed;  
For though my Lord is crowned a King,  
His heart is never steel'd;  
Look up then, soul, 'mid sorrow's night,  
The Master's love shines clear and bright,  
His promise He can ne'er forget,  
His grace can make Thee triumph yet.

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“BUY THE TRUTH, AND SELL IT NOT.”

“UY the truth, and sell it not;”  
Buy it, buy it, soul!  
Truth is a most precious thing,  
Truth can make thee whole.

“Buy the truth, and sell it not;”  
Men by it are freed:  
*This*, not thine, whate'er thou hast,  
Thou art poor indeed.

“ Buy the truth, and sell it not ; ”  
Seek it in God’s fear :  
Should it cost thee all thou hast,  
It will not be dear.

“ Buy the truth, and sell it not ; ”  
Seek it night and day :  
Give whate’er its love demands,  
Give it without delay.

“ Buy the truth, and sell it not ; ”  
Learn to work and give :  
He who will the truth receive,  
By the truth shall live.

Learn to read, and think, and pray ;  
Call no creature master :  
Trusting to an arm of flesh  
Often brings disaster.

“ Buy the truth, and sell it not ; ”  
Truth all pure and fair :  
Seek it in the *written word*—  
Seek it only there.

“ Buy the truth, and sell it not ; ”  
Seek it as for gold :  
Beauty it will give thy youth,  
Strength when thou art old.

“ Buy the truth, and sell it not ; ”  
Part with pride and self ;  
Fly from all that blinds the heart,  
Love of ease and self.

“ Buy the truth, and sell it not ;”  
Hear what Christ doth say :  
He who would the truth possess  
Must the truth obey.

“ Buy the truth, and sell it not ;”  
With strong cries and tears,  
Be in earnest ; life is short ;  
Yield not to thy fears.

“ Buy the truth, and sell it not ;”  
Truth is coy and shy :  
From the lukewarm, careless heart,  
She will start and fly.

“ Buy the truth, and sell it not ;”  
Seek, but seek aright :  
He who would truth's honours share,  
For her cause must fight.

Truth herself, though strong and pure,  
Kind is ever found ;  
But the world, and hell, and sin,  
Close have fenced her round.

Strive to pass these, they will strike ;  
Strive, they hope to slay :  
Through their malice, scorn, and lies,  
Faith must cut thy way.

Art thou willing, then, to fight ?  
Then be brave and steady :  
Victory will crown the meek,  
Not the proud or heady.

“Buy the truth, and sell it not ;”  
Truth will conquer sin :  
Let thy faith but grasp the Saviour,  
Truth thy soul shall win.

\* \* \* \*

“Buy the truth, and sell it not ;”  
Do not bring your money :  
Jesus lives and freely gives it,  
Pure and sweet as honey.  
“Buy the truth, and sell it not ;”  
Sell it not for treasure :  
Many gain the truth while working—  
Lose it in their leisure.

“SELL IT NOT.”

“Sell it not ” for love or money,  
Sell it not for station,  
Sell it not to pride or fashion—  
Love of approbation.

“Sell it not ” to fame or friendship,  
Pride or elocution ;  
Sell it not to earthly grandeur,  
Pain or persecution.

“Sell it not ” to boisterous talking,  
Polished phrase, or babble ;  
Truth will still be truth to thee,  
Spite of noise and rabble.

“Sell it not” when storms are raging,  
And thy heart is fearing,  
Nor when God thy toil succeeding  
All thy friends are cheering.

“Sell it not” to ignorant bluster,  
Human wit, or weakness ;  
Sell it not to love or beauty,  
Failing health, or sickness.

“Sell it not” when from thy dwelling,  
All thy peace seems flying ;  
Sell it not when 'mid thy conflict  
All thy hope seems dying.

“Sell it not” to learned dreamers,  
Full of pride and error ;  
Sell it not when Satan's whispers  
Fill thy heart with terror.

“Sell it not” to priests or laymen,  
Ignorant pretenders ;  
Modestly themselves proclaiming  
Truth's exclusive vendors.

“Sell it not :” Christ will befriend thee,  
Cheer thee through life's sorrow ;  
Truth's own hand sustain and guide thee  
Towards the long to-morrow.

“Sell it not ;” the Judge approaches,  
Time is swiftly flying :  
Truth alone can chase death's darkness,  
Victory give when dying.

## A CREED WITHOUT—WITHOUT A CREED.



EN do not mind a creed without,  
 In prayer-book or in steeple ;  
 But oh, a creed that conquers doubt,  
 Is strange to most good people !

A Christ entombed in holy books,  
 Who ne'er reproves their sinning,  
 Some worship oft with pious looks,  
 And think His love their winning.

But living truth subdues the heart,  
 A living Christ revealing,  
 To conquer sin will strength impart,  
 And bring the Spirit's sealing :

Will show our hearts from error freed,  
 And formalistic dreaming ;  
 Give conscience too as well as creed,  
 Reveal the Master's meaning.

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## HE THAT IS NEVER DEEPLY TRUE.



HE that is never deeply true,  
 Can never deeply love ;  
 Most faithful he to God and truth,  
 Most like to those above.

O that my heart, made free by truth,  
 And faithful to its trust,  
 May be the home of truth alone,  
 Then live for aye it must.



PRAYER FOR THE LAST.



WHEN to a point draws life's frail span,  
And time slow folds her wings,  
With weeping eyes bids me farewell,  
And sublunary things ;  
When science stands with pensive brow,  
And friendship looks and weeps,  
And love in vain around my bed,  
Her last sad vigil keeps.

When through the mist of coming years,  
My eye no hope can see,  
And shrinks my soul appalled and crushed,  
'Neath life's dark mystery ;  
When rising o'er the wrecks of time,  
The great white throne appears,  
And sins long buried pierce my heart,  
And fill my eyes with tears.

When opens to my tremulous eye,  
Eternity's long night,  
And all the lamps which reason trims,  
Yield not one ray of light ;  
When slowly, slowly on I move,  
Towards Him whose eyes of fire,  
Are swift to mark the taint of sin,  
And scorch with righteous ire.

When comes the land of mist and shade,  
The dim, the vast unknown,  
Through which death's river slowly flows,  
Cold, silent, and alone ;

O Jesus, Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
Bright Sun of endless day !  
Be with me in my little boat,  
When thus I launch away !

O Jesus, Saviour, all divine !  
When shines the great white throne,  
O hide me in Thy righteousness,  
And claim me as Thy own ;  
When o'er my failing powers shall spread,  
Eternity's dark night,  
O Jesus, shine ! bright morning Star,  
Reveal the realms of light !





## Songs of the Temple.



### JERUSALEM THE HOLY.



ERUSALEM the holy,  
Blest city, pure and bright !  
When shall these eyes behold thee,  
Thy glories meet our sight ?  
Thy jasper walls and fountains,  
And streets of shining gold,  
Thy pearly gates and mountains,  
So dearly loved of old.

Jerusalem the holy !  
Bright city of our love,  
When shall our eyes behold thee,  
Clear shining from above ?  
When shall we cease our dreaming,  
And seek to gaze on thee ?  
Thy beauty on us streaming,  
Thou city of the free !

Jerusalem the holy !

Sweet day without a night,  
When shall these eyes behold thee,  
Thou city of delight !  
Our fathers gazed upon thee,  
Thy gates our children seek ;  
To thee the wise and holy,  
Press on with pilgrim feet.

Jerusalem the holy !

One face we fain would see—  
The Lamb of God most lowly ;  
We know HE dwells in thee.  
He gives thee all thy glory,  
And all thy matchless grace,  
The charm of gospel story,  
Soft beaming in His face.

Jerusalem the holy !

Thy name our hearts inspires ;  
The home of all the lowly,  
We long to hear thy choirs ;  
To see thy radiant glory,  
To join thy blissful strains,  
To hymn love's ancient story,  
Where Jesus ever reigns.

Jerusalem the holy !

When shall our weary feet  
Have done with life's sad journey,  
And all thy beauty greet ?  
When join the ransomed nation,  
Which crowns each golden wall,  
Exalting Christ's salvation,  
Victorious over all ?

LOVE'S LOOK ; OR, CHRISTIAN SORROW.

"They shall look upon Him whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn."—  
Zechariah xiii 10.



JESUS, have I ever wept ?  
Has my heart Thy sorrows felt ?  
Has, indeed, Thy love revealed  
Made this selfish heart to melt ?  
Have I ever gazed on Thee,  
Sorrowing in Gethsemane ?

Gazed, O Lord, I often have,  
Cold and lifeless I must own ;  
But, O Lord, Thy word declares  
All Thy saints shall gaze and mourn—  
Mourn and weep while viewing Thee,  
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.

True it is I often weep,  
And as oft mistrust each tear ;  
Deep and treacherous is the heart ;  
Often, holy Lord, I fear  
I have ne'er by faith viewed Thee  
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.

Here I would not be deceived,  
Lord, my life is in this plea ;  
For I know Thy saints redeemed  
Each and all in this agree,  
Fellowship they have with Thee,  
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.

Knowledge merely, too, is vain ;  
All Thy chosen people sip  
From Thy dolorous cup of woe ;  
Hold it, Jesus, to my lip ;  
Teach me thus to weep with Thee,  
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.

'Tis for this, O Lord, I seek ;  
Short of this I would not rest ;  
This, and this alone, can prove  
That my soul in Thee is blest,  
Chosen, known, and loved of Thee.  
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.

Many sights men love below  
Grieve, pollute, and pain the eye ;  
But there is a sight I know  
Which can raise and purify :  
'Tis to gaze, O Lord, on Thee,  
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.

Here it is my soul would dwell,  
Gaze, and wonder, and adore,  
Lost as in a sea of love,  
Bottomless, without a shore,  
Weeping, mourning, Lord, for Thee,  
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.

This alone I know can break,  
Thaw and melt the rocky heart ;  
Free me from the reign of sin,  
Holy peace and joy impart,  
Sealed by faith as one with Thee,  
Sorrowing in Gethsemane.

ONE GLIMPSE OF CHRIST.



ONE glimpse of Christ to me brings more  
Than all the world can give ;  
Scatters my foes, dispels my fears,  
And makes my heart to live :  
O blessed Jesus, rise and shine,  
And bid me say that Thou art mine.

One glimpse of Christ to me brings more  
Than earth or hell can take ;  
It brings my Father's love and peace,  
And bids my faith awake :  
O Jesus, blessed Saviour, shine,  
And bid me say that Thou art mine !


One glimpse of Christ to me brings heaven—  
What can I ask for more !  
It fills me with the light of bliss,  
And makes my soul adore :  
O Jesus, blessed Saviour, shine,  
And let me say that Thou art mine !

If such the joy one glimpse afford,  
What must the rapture be  
When death unveiling all Thy charms,  
Thy glory I shall see ?  
O blessed Jesus, rise and shine,  
And make me thus completely Thine.



## THE SECURITY OF THE CHURCH.

“ Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

†  ID changing scenes and swift revolving time,  
 Life's heaving waves of trouble and unrest,  
 How sweet to rest in Christ, and call Him mine,  
 To know in Him I am for ever blest.

Here rests the Church secure in heaven's own plan,  
 One with her Head who ever lives the same,  
 Exalted lives, though once a suffering man,  
 He walked this earth and bore her sin and shame.

And this is thine, afflicted, tempted soul,  
 O'er whose rough pathway many storms do beat ;  
 Though waves of sorrow o'er thee ceaseless roll,  
 He is the same to succour and to keep.

Here is a love which knows no ebb or flow—  
 A source of joy whose spring is in itself ;  
 Here is an arm that ne'er can weakness know,  
 In every strait omnipotent to help.

Nor for Himself is Christ alone the same,  
 But for His Church, and this is all our joy ;  
 Here only we a footing firm can gain,  
 Which sin, nor death, nor hell, can e'er destroy.

'Mid one vast scene of ruin and decay,  
 Firm as a rock this truth has ever stood ;  
 Sin's deadly influence here must loose its prey,  
 Its curse and terror lost in Jesu's blood.

Here led by grace and oft pursued by law,  
 Poor ruined outcasts seek to find a home ;  
 All weak and broken, weary, sick and poor,  
 They gladly stay, nor care nor seek to roam.




And when responsive to the archangel's blast,  
Earth, sun, and stars, and time shall cease to be,  
Here safely sheltered, every danger past,  
This truth confirmed, each ransomed soul shall see.

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“THE VICTORY OF THE CHURCH.”

“And they overcame him by the Blood of Lamb.”—Revelation xii. 11.

†  IS by the blood which Jesus shed,  
His saints though feeble, victory gain ;  
'Tis by His truth their faith is fed,  
His changeless words their hearts sustain.

'Tis by His strength they shall prevail,  
Firm grasped by His Almighty hand,  
When earth's old pillars reel and fail,  
Still built on Him His church shall stand.

Nor Satan's schemes nor fiercest ire,  
Nor persecution's floods, though deep,  
Shall e'er put out that living fire  
His love will feed and wisely keep.

The love by which He overcame,  
Stained with His blood the path He trod ;  
Lives in His saints a heavenly flame,  
And upward soars and tends to God.

His covenant love, a mighty cord,  
Secures that church men often spurn ;  
Nor dungeon, fagot, flame, or sword,  
Can cut or make its fibres burn.

Vain is the rage and spite of men,  
 To sever Jesus and His bride ;  
 No cruel beast nor lion's den,  
 Shall e'er remove her from His side.

Cleansed from all sin she must appear,  
 And spotless see His Father's face ;  
 Triumphant, happy, free from fear,  
 She shall extol His matchless grace.

The weakest saint that ever cried  
 One feeble, broken, heartfelt prayer :  
 " Beneath Thy cross, O let me hide,"  
 Shall be for ever sheltered there.

---

## O HEARTS THAT HUNGER THROUGH THE WORLD.



HEARTS that hunger through the world,

But never taste true joy,

Behold the Fount from whence it springs

All pure without alloy !

Lo, from the heart of Christ it flows

All tranquil and serene,

And through the heart which stoops to drink

It flows a constant stream.

O hearts that hunger through the world,

All broken, pierced, and lone,

Whose dreams of peace and earthly love

Are faded, lost, and gone !

Come hither now, and taste the bread

By Jesus freely given,

The Bridegroom of the soul embrace,

And taste the joys of heaven !

O hearts that hunger through the world,  
 But never speak their grief,  
 Whose weary feet have wandered far,  
 But never found relief !  
 Look through His wounds to Jesu's heart ;  
 A hidden balm is there,  
 Whose virtues, when by faith applied,  
 Will kill all grief and care.

O hearts that hunger through the world,  
 All parched and scorched by sin,  
 Who long have wept and toiled in vain,  
 To kill the fire within ;  
 Despair not !—Hark ! 'tis Jesus speaks—  
 “ Wouldst thou true freedom win ?  
 Fly from thyself—believe in ME,  
 Thus rise and conquer sin ! ”

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“ FULL JOY.”

“ These things I speak unto you that my joy may remain in you, and that your joy may be full—Jesus.”



SOVEREIGN Lord, Thy kingly words,  
 Bring wondrous love to view ;  
 And wouldst Thou have our hearts like Thine,  
 As full of love, and true !

O *small* the joy which brings content  
 To this poor little heart ;  
 How large the gift, how vast the joy,  
 Thou waitest to impart !

We ask like children, in the dark,  
 We scarce know what we say ;  
 To us the joy thou wouldst impart,  
 Seems rightly *far away*.

We view it as a *distant* sun,  
 Whose beams *just reach* us here ;  
 Forgetting *all* is near to faith,  
 While *thou* art ever near.

We come to life's own springing well,  
 A *drop* we taste and live ;  
 And speak of *this* as though 'twas all  
 The Master had to give.

Lord, raise our faith to higher joys,  
 To larger views of Thee ;  
 O let us reach the heights and depths  
 OF LOVE'S own mystery !

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### ONE BY ONE COME HOME THE CHILDREN.



NE by one come home the children,  
 One by one from distant lands,  
 After years of pain and parting  
 Meet their hearts and join their hands ;  
 Oh, the happy, happy meeting,  
 Oh, the joyful, loving greeting !

One by one come home the children,  
 From each kingdom, clime and nation,  
 Prince and peasant, master, servant,  
 Men of every grade and station ;  
 Oh, the happy, happy meeting,  
 Oh, the joyful, loving greeting.

One by one come home the children,  
Friends in anguish long since parted,  
Brothers, sisters, wives and husbands,  
Loved and mourned as the departed ;  
Oh, the happy, happy meeting,  
Oh, the joyful, loving greeting !

One by one come home the children,  
To the Father's house above,  
Infants with their sunlit faces,  
Age and youth all full of love ;  
Oh, the happy, happy meeting,  
Oh, the joyful, loving greeting !

One by one come home the children,  
From the sea, the land, the river,  
Clothed in garments bright and shining,  
Praising Jesus, praising ever ;  
Oh, the happy, happy meeting,  
Oh, the joyful, loving greeting !

One by one come home the children,  
Sweet as dew of early morning,  
Mantled by the sun's bright rays,  
O'er each soul life's beauty dawning ;  
Oh, the happy, happy meeting,  
Oh, the joyful, loving greeting !

One by one come home the children,  
As a pilgrim to his home,  
Worn and weary with life's journey,  
Hoping never more to roam ;  
Oh, the happy, happy meeting,  
Oh, the joyful, loving greeting !

One by one come home the children,  
To that City seen afar,  
Guided like the Eastern sages,  
By the bright and morning star ;  
Oh, the happy, happy meeting,  
Oh, the joyful, loving greeting !

One by one come home the children,  
To the palace of the King ;  
Love and praise, like fragrant spices,  
Each and all most gladly bring ;  
Oh, the happy, happy meeting,  
Oh, the joyful, loving greeting !


One by one come home the children,  
From the winds and storms of time,  
From the frost, and cold, and hunger  
Of this bleak inclement clime ;  
Oh, the happy, happy meeting,  
Oh, the joyful, loving greeting !

One by one come home the children,  
From hell's iron hail and rattle,  
From the toils and wounds of conflict,  
From the din and noise of battle ;  
Oh, the happy, happy meeting,  
Oh, the joyful, loving greeting !

One by one come home the children,  
Welcome to the Father's heart,  
All His mansions gladly filling,  
From His love no more to part ;  
Oh, the happy, happy meeting,  
Oh, the joyful, loving greeting !

TRUE AND FALSE RELIGION.

“And they lifted up their voices and wept again ; and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her.”—Ruth i. 14.

†  IS not enough to profess we love Christ,  
While yet in our lives we are wrong ;  
True religion lies deep, and is seen in the walk,  
Moves the feet too, as well as the tongue.

Orpah could weep when Naomi she kissed,  
For a time her profession seems fair ;  
And Ruth also wept, but while weeping she clung,  
Determined her sorrows to share.

Orpah could kiss, but in Moab she stayed,  
Her idols still lived in her heart ;  
Ruth kissed not, but idols and kindred she left,  
Nought but death from Naomi should part.

'Tis not then our tears, professions, or words,  
Will prove that by Christ we are led,  
But what is the object around which we cling,  
And what are the paths which we tread.

If, Orpah-like, we can kiss Christ and depart,  
Join the world in its pleasures and song,  
Small evidence have we when brought to the word,  
That we to the Saviour belong.

True religion lies deep and but little noise makes,  
But, Ruth-like, to Jesus it cleaves,  
Constrained by His love and sustained by His grace,  
Spurns all that its progress impedes.

## SAY NOT, O HEART.



AY not, O heart, that thou must sink  
Beneath thy weight of care ;  
Remember that thy Lord and King  
Can help thee everywhere.

Thy burden does not waste His strength,  
Nor drain His tender love ;  
Take heart ! O weary one, look up !  
Thy God still reigns above.

Hast thou a path where reason faints,  
And human helpers fail ?  
Still rest on God's own faithfulness,  
Thy faith shall yet prevail.

The work which love made thine for God,  
Shall never fail or die ;  
Though now beneath its load ye faint,  
It lives beneath His eye.

Be cheered, desponding soul !  
God's way and time are best ;  
Still do thy work and trust in Him,  
And HE will do the rest.

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## WHERE IS HEAVEN ?




DO not ask where heaven will be,  
Whether above, below ;  
Such words I know no meaning have,  
Therefore I let them go.



But where my Saviour shows His face,  
There heaven these eyes will see ;  
No more I ask ; in HIM I've all,  
And He is heaven to me.

---

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.


HRIST'S coming here need not affright,  
Nor yet disturb faith's rest ;  
For when He comes, whate'er He does,  
We know it will be best.

But things there are for us to do ;  
May these be so enjoyed,  
That when Christ comes His eyes may see  
Our faith with these employed.

Then let Him come, this hour or next,  
Yonder to reign or here ;  
It matters not, in Him I'm blest,  
Faith views Him ever near.

---

CHRIST THE BREAD OF LIFE.

BREAD of life so pure and sweet,  
What charms in Thee our faith doth greet ?  
In Thee we find our joy complete,  
Sweet Lamb of God !

Our souls all hungry, sick, and poor,  
Our feet with wandering worn and sore,  
Now gladly seek Thy mercy's door,  
Sweet Lamb of God !

Long, long we sought to feed the soul,  
From pleasures' dish and costly bowl,  
Bade passion rove without control,

Sweet Lamb of God !

But oh ! the burning thirst within,  
The cruel hunger, toil and sin,  
No bread of peace our joys could win,

Sweet Lamb of God !

And now to Thee, O Christ, we fly,  
With bitter tears and earnest cry,  
Thou Lord, must save, or we must die,

Sweet Lamb of God !

'Tis Thine to heal sin's bitter smart,  
Thou only canst that bread impart,  
Which heals the hunger of the heart,

Sweet Lamb of God !

O Jesus ! gentle as a dove,  
For ever feed us with Thy love,  
Fix all our heart on Thee above,

Sweet Lamb of God !

---

## OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

A SONG FOR BELIEVING CHILDREN.



HERE the ransomed throng is singing,  
Singing round the throne above,  
And the mighty chorus ringing

Celebrates the Saviour's love :

From this city of beauty the Saviour says, Come !  
Come, children, and seek this beautiful home.

Where vast crowds like light swift darting,  
Upwards, seek the land of rest,  
Through the pearly gates wide parting,  
Reach the mansions of the blest :  
From this city of beauty the Saviour says, Come !  
Come, children, and seek this beautiful home.

Where the golden streets are glowing,  
Brighter than the noontide sun,  
Streams from crystal fountains flowing,  
Through bright pastures ever run :  
From this city of beauty the Saviour says, Come !  
Come, children, and seek this beautiful home.

Where the flowers for ever freshen,  
And the Tree of Life is seen,  
Where the days can never lessen,  
And the fields are ever green :  
From this city of beauty the Saviour says, Come !  
Come, children, and seek this beautiful home.


Where life's city, bright in glory,  
Shows its turrets from afar—  
Home of rest of pilgrims hoary,  
Brighter than the morning's star :  
From this city of beauty the Saviour says, Come !  
Come, children, and seek this beautiful home.

Where our children dear, but parted  
From that love which could not save,  
Meet those friends who, broken hearted,  
Mourned around their early grave :  
From this city of beauty the Saviour says, Come !  
Come, children, and seek this beautiful home.

Where true Christians see the Saviour,  
 Victors over death and sin ;  
 O dear children, seek Christ's favour,  
 Strive the crown of life to win :  
 Oh ! hear now the Saviour as He gently says, Come !  
 Come, children, and seek My beautiful home.

---

### SAY NOT, O WOUNDED HEART.

AY not, O wounded heart,  
 Thy love can find no home ;  
 Behold the Bridegroom of thy soul,  
 And hear Him whisper " Come " !

No falsehood dwells in Him,  
 His heart no change hath known ;  
 The faith which rests upon His word,  
 Makes all His love its own.

With watchful love He waits  
 To welcome to His breast,  
 Each wanderer who, with weary feet,  
 Would seek His perfect rest.

The sighs of penitence  
 He hears, and counts her tears ;  
 And when she leans upon His breast,  
 Forgives the sins of years.

Turn, then, O soul, and live !  
 In Christ's own heart find peace ;  
 Now let the virtues of His blood,  
 Bid all thy conflicts cease.

WEARY WANDERER, SAD AND BROKEN.



WEARY wanderer, sad and broken,  
Tossed upon life's stormy sea ;  
Hear now what the Lord has spoken,  
Hopeless long thou needst not be.

Look not back, the past's appalling,  
Nought but sin and guilt thou'lt see ;  
Hear the voice of Jesus calling,  
" Come, poor sinner, come to Me !

" From the paths of sin and sorrow,  
I will guide thy weary feet ;  
Come, then, now ; perchance, to-morrow  
Ne'er thy weeping eyes may greet.

" Say not that in sin despairing,  
Hopeless thou must live and die ;  
For well-pleased, in love forbearing,  
Glad I hear the captive's sigh.

Believe in ME, thy sin's I'll pardon,  
In My merit trust alone ;  
To My voice if thou wilt hearken,  
I will raise thee to My throne.

From thy lips in anguish riven,  
Dash not life's fair cup away ;  
Wanderer, drink ! 'tis freely given ;  
Drink and live ; oh, why delay ? "



## SPEAK KINDLY TO THE BROKEN HEART.



SPEAK kindly to the broken heart,  
Wrath ne'er the will can bend ;  
And gentle words have ever proved  
To virtue's cause a friend.

The heavy rain that loudly falls,  
Makes nature droop her head ;  
The gentle dew bids her look up,  
And smile as from the dead.

A skilful hand he needs must have  
Who plays a broken harp ;  
And Jesu's love must rule the words,  
Which heal the stricken heart.

Because our griefs so righteous come,  
And pain the heart must feel ;  
Should Christian lips our wounds inflame,  
And say they ne'er shall heal ?

Some things our want of skill make hard,  
And all our patience prove ;  
But hard to Christians should it be,  
To speak the truth in love ?

Helpless, though strong is man at best,  
Oft wrecked on misery's shore ;  
One unkind word his hope may quench,  
And he is seen no more.

Oh ! who that knows himself and mourns,  
His feet oft turned aside ;  
Who would not pray if he must speak,  
In gentlest terms to chide ?

Oh ! who that knows a Saviour's love,  
And joy of sin forgiven ;  
Who would not seek by words of love,  
To guide a soul to heaven ?  
Speak kindly to the ear of man,  
He will not turn away ;  
And thou some outcast yet may lead,  
To realms of endless day.

---

## HARK HOW THE LILY SPEAKS TO THEE.



HARK how the lily speaks to thee,  
Believer, oft oppress'd ;  
Bids thee to cast away thy care,  
And haste to Christ for rest.

Cares He for me, a fading flower,  
To give me fragrance, grace ;  
And will He not much more clothe you,  
O ye of little faith ?

“ Has He upon my drooping leaf  
The softest dews oft shed ;  
And will He not, O fearful heart,  
Provide you daily bread ? ”

Cease, then, to doubt—no more despond,  
But on His love repose ;  
Whose wisdom paints the lily fair,  
Gives fragrance to the rose.

What ! does His love embrace the fields,  
And stoop to tend a weed ;  
And will He not for you provide ?  
He will, dear saint, indeed !

Then leave the morrow, anxious heart,  
 With every want and care ;  
 O trust in Him who lives to bless,  
 And waits to answer prayer.

---

ERE THE LAST SAND OF LIFE HAS RUN.



ERE the last sand of life has run,  
 Just as thou art to Jesus come,  
 Thy only plea what he hath done—  
 O sinner, hear and come !

Just as thou art, though guilt oppress,  
 Rugged thy path and comfortless,  
 To plead the Saviour's righteousness—  
 O sinner, hear and come !

Just as thou art, with all thy woe,  
 In spite of every sin and foe,  
 In Christ alone to find repose—  
 O sinner, hear and come !

Just as thou art, with all thy fears,  
 Making no merit of thy prayers,  
 Nor trusting in thy cries and tears—  
 O sinner, hear and come !

Hopeless thyself thy state to mend,  
 And righteously by law condemned,  
 To find in Christ thy only friend—  
 O sinner, hear and come !

Dream not that better thou wilt be,  
 But come at once, to Jesus flee,  
 He loves to save, so why not thee ?—  
 O sinner, hear and come !



O come, believe, and thou shalt live,  
Freely thy sins Christ will forgive,  
All thou canst need He waits to give—  
O sinner, hear and come !

---

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS, AROUSE THEE.



SOLDIER of the cross, arouse thee !  
Lift the blood-stained banner high ;  
'Tis no time for fear or fainting,  
See thy Captain still is nigh.

Onwards, onwards, thou art marching,  
'Midst the dying and the dead ;  
Lift thy voice, proclaim His merit,  
Who to save His people bled.

Let no other theme entice thee,  
Lest thy labours should be vain ;  
For the Spirit blesses only  
Those who Jesus' love proclaim.

'Mid the noise and din of battle,  
Pressed by foes, who often boast,  
They shall conquer ; see exalted,  
Jesus rules the struggling host.

Therefore let no foe appal thee,  
Yield no single inch of ground ;  
Steady, onwards, press, and struggle ;  
All who conquer shall be crowned.

See the troops of hell dispersing ;  
On His white horse comes thy Lord,  
Crowned with many crowns—adore Him !  
Strong His arm, and sharp His sword.

Gather round Him, forward with Him !  
Share His conquest and His fame ;  
Faint not, fight on—still proclaim Him,  
'Till all lands shall laud His name.

Then when all His will's accomplished,  
All His saints around His throne,  
Thou shalt hear the gladd'ning welcome,  
Well done, soldier, welcome home !





## Songs for the Times.



### ONE CROSS.



MY Cross is not a piece of wood,  
By many minds misunderstood,  
Thus often viewed their only good.

It is not made of silver—gold ;  
A work of art, but dead and cold,  
By many often bought and sold.

My Cross is not worn on the breast,  
To be removed when seeking rest,  
Or shown when beauty's at her best.

My Cross shines not in gilded book,  
With other things which pretty look,  
Oft clear and bright as summer brook.

It is not seen on modern fops,  
Nor is it found in *bijou* shops,  
Nor pendent hangs from lady's drops.

On Popish dress it is not seen,  
Nor marble vault, nor fretted screen,  
Nor golden vase, nor chalice mean.

It does not grace the church's spire,  
Nor is it spun of golden wire,  
Nor shines on ring of country squire.

No Romish tippet, hood or stole,  
No jewelled cup or costly bowl,  
My Cross exhibits to the soul.

No Popish banners moving slow,  
Stirred by the vagrant winds that blow,  
'This Cross of mine could ever show.

My Cross is not a thing of sense,  
Held high 'mid clouds of sweet incense,  
And jingling bells and Peter's pence.

'Tis not a thing the painted fair  
Can place amid their jewelled hair,  
With other things the gay oft wear.

My Cross dwells not in modern Rome,  
'Tis there oft hid, but not at home ;  
Here high-church priests oft wish it gone.

My Cross is not with foppish priests,  
Nor gay processions in the streets,  
Where pride oft superstition greets.

My Cross is not in Peter's chair,  
E'en when the Pope is sitting there,  
With triple crown and jewels rare.

My Cross is not in high-church seen,  
'Mid English priests in glittering sheen,  
And gorgeous vestments, blue and green,

Nor yet with men on falsehood bent,  
Made priests without the Pope's consent,  
Whom he declares he never sent.

'Mid crowds at church—perfumed wrecks,  
With crosses pendent from their necks,  
Whose persons pride so oft bedecks.

My Cross by Truth is seldom seen,  
Though oft she looks and weeps I ween,  
And mourns and ponders o'er the scene.

Alas ! my Cross, thy homely face,  
If seen would bring thee sad disgrace  
Among our modern sensuous race.

#### SECOND PART.

WHERE Jesus hangs, pierced, broken, lone,  
Faith sees the blood which doth atone,  
Here sin is lost—and here alone.

'Tis in Christ's wounds my Cross I see,  
And hear His voice say "Come to me ;"  
Thus all my fears and sorrows flee.

My Cross no human hand can feel,  
The Spirit must its truth reveal,  
Christ's pardon on the conscience seal.

My Cross is never far away,  
It dwells within me night and day,  
Both when I work and when I play.

'Tis with me when the sun shines bright,  
Or when dark clouds eclipse his light ;  
The dearest object of faith's sight.

Its form I bear engraved within,  
The Saviour's pledge that I shall win,  
Though here I fight with hell and sin.

My Cross is hid from vulgar gaze,  
No passing notice doth it crave,  
Nor sounds of admiration raise.

My Cross, before it men oft sleep,  
But oh ! its mighty meaning deep,  
On bended knees here oft I creep,  
And here my heart doth often weep.

My Cross is dumb, it hath no speech,  
Yet who its silent love can reach,  
Or holy lessons it doth teach ?

My Cross, what wonders here I see,  
To its sweet shadow oft I flee,  
Lost and yet saved in mystery !

And all these things my soul can learn,  
And oft with love to Jesus burn,  
And oft by faith to Calvary turn.

Without a church, without a book,  
Without a word, or priestly look,  
In noisy street or quiet nook.

O sacred Cross ! where'er I go,  
Be thou my strength in every woe ;  
Here, Saviour, let my love o'erflow,  
And all my life thy beauty show,  
Thy Cross my joy, my all below.

ONE PRIEST.



NE Priest I have, I want no more,  
He all my sins and sorrows bore,  
Paid all my debts—an awful score.

One Priest I have, the Son of God,  
Dark was the path for me He trod,  
Stern Justice smote Him with her rod.

One Priest I have who spoiled sin,  
And brought a full salvation in,  
And lives that I a crown may win.

One Priest I have whose blood once spilt,  
For ever cancelled all my guilt,  
My hope alone on Him is built.

One Priest I have who conquered hell,  
No human lips His love can tell,  
With Him one day I hope to dwell.

One Priest I have who vanquished death,  
Him would I praise with ev'ry breath,  
And ever hear what His word saith.

One Priest I have who ever lives,  
Eternal life to me He gives,  
My daily follies He forgives.

One Priest I have who reigns on high,  
Who counts my tears and hears each sigh,  
Whose gentle hand is ever nigh.

One Priest I have : how full of grace !  
'Tis heaven to see His smiling face,  
In vain His beauty we would trace.

One Priest I have, He lives to save,  
His love alone can make us brave,  
In Him alone I all things have.

One Priest I have, well known to all  
Who love His name, both great and small,  
He is their true Confessional.

One Priest I have, a reigning King,  
His ransom'd tribes His praise shall sing,  
These all to heaven at last He'll bring.

SECOND PART.

ONE Priest I have—I need not Rome—  
In contrite hearts He finds a home,  
For His sweet smile I need not roam.

One Priest I have, whose pardon's free,  
He takes no bribe, receives no fee,  
His word makes all my foes to flee.

He welcomes to His priestly vest  
At once, the soul by sin distress'd,  
Thus brings the heart to peace and rest.

My woes He ever understands,  
He shows His heart and bleeding hands,  
In waiting posture ever stands.

He bids no bruised broken heart  
\* For six long hours to feel sin's smart,  
But waits His mercy to impart.

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\* A lady has written to say that she was six hours confessing to an Anglican priest ; yet she approved the system.



He bids no penitent to stay  
Confessing sin all through the day,  
So long to fast, so long to pray,  
Ere we His pardon take away.

He bids no priest with curious eye  
To search my heart or bid me cry,  
To probe my grief, cold standing by.

He gives no power to men to say,  
“ I’ll hear your case another day,  
Perhaps I’ll pardon—if—you pay.”

He gives no eye the right to see  
The human heart’s deformity ;  
But “ Bring,” He says, “ your woes to Me.”

He teaches none with prurient skill,  
With curious questions to instil  
Such thoughts of sin as virtue kill.


He teaches none in corners sly  
To trace the soul’s anatomy,  
While modesty sits blushing by.

He gives no man the right to stand  
’Twixt wife and husband in this land,  
With *ex-cathedrâ* gestures grand.

He teaches none to train our youth  
To cheat their parents—hide the truth :  
This comes from Rome or vile Maynooth.

O Jesus, make Thy servants brave  
To fight for truth ! our country save  
From Rome’s dark charnel-house and grave !

## ONE CHURCH.

OME claims the church of Christ to be,  
Bids men to her communion flee ;  
And thus, within the English pale,  
The high-church party would prevail.

“ We only can the blessing give,”  
Says Rome, “ by which the soul can live ;”  
“ Beware of Rome,” says high-church school,  
“ Lean on her word, and die a fool.”

“ Christ has but one church pure and fair,  
The occupant of Peter’s chair ;”  
“ We also claim that church to be,”  
Say Pusey and his progeny.

Says Rome, “ Of heresy this is worst,  
Reject our teaching—die accurs’d ;  
Our apostolic rule obey,  
Truth only lives beneath our sway.”

Poor Anglicans, they sigh and groan,  
Look up beseechingly, and moan—  
“ We *are* the church—a branch—we’re sure,  
Acknowledge us !—thus schism cure.”

“ You’re not,” says Rome, “ look at your head,  
You take state pay, and thus are fed ;  
Already you’re left in the lurch,  
For many see you’re not *the* church.”

Alas ! what truth can mortals see,  
When such great teachers disagree ;  
When rival *sects* thus show their spite,  
And fiercely wrangle, bark and bite ?

What *can* poor simple people do,  
But bring the Master's words to view?  
Will not the Scriptures guide us right?  
Come let us read in God's own light.

## SECOND PART.

One church there is, it has no name,  
Whatever warring sects proclaim ;  
It knows no special time or place,  
Redeemed by Christ, and saved by grace.

Loved with the ancient love of God—  
The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;  
It boasts a glorious ancestry,  
A high illustrious pedigree.

Built on the one foundation laid  
By Him whose blood her ransom paid ;  
She stands secure in ev'ry age,  
Defying Rome and Satan's rage.

All who by faith have seen the Lord,  
His truth their buckler, shield, and sword,  
Are of Christ's church, without a doubt,  
Though Rome may try to shut them out.

Successors of the apostles, too,  
Are here—their glory hid from view ;  
All kings and priests, their portion God,  
Though oft beneath His chast'ning rod.

These are God's sons ; Christ is their Lord :  
Born of His Spirit and His word :  
Joint heirs with Christ—His bride and wife,  
Predestined to eternal life.

Here's God's true ark with golden lid,  
 And mysteries which from Rome are hid ;—  
 The pot of manna—heavenly meat,  
 True altar, incense, mercy-seat.

Through every age, like golden line,  
 This church has lived, shall ever shine ;  
 Eternal life Christ freely gives,  
 And none can die for whom He lives.

And still from every tribe and land,  
 Sustained and guided by His hand,  
 Myriads have reached the realms of day,  
 And millions now are on their way.

When all reach heaven, then Christ will see  
 The purchase of His agony ;  
 His church complete, no more will roam ;  
 Her bliss now full, with him at home.

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## THE RITUALISTIC SISTER OF MERCY.

AS SHE OFTEN IS IN THE PRESENT DAY, AND AS MANY  
 WOULD EVER HAVE HER TO BE.



HOIDEN girl, just past her teens,  
 Who lives in young romantic dreams,  
 Who thinks Sir Charles, in priestly dress,  
 Doth every charm and grace possess.

By soft moonlight, in shady walk,  
 How sweet with him to stroll and talk ;  
 Or when at church she sits alone,  
 How thrills her heart should he intone !

How great the privilege to confess  
To dear Sir Charles, you well can guess ;  
And oft what pains Sir Charles would take  
Describing saint and celibate.

The girl enraptured by the tale,  
And "dear Sir Charles," would take the veil ;  
Would like indeed a nun to be,  
But fears papa would not agree.

So Charles must strike a line between,  
Must reach somehow the golden mean ;  
Sister of Mercy she must be,  
Of Anglican virginity ;—

To go to church and cease to think,  
Keep self and dress now quite distinct :  
This is her work—she must obey,  
Believe, nor from the priesthood stray.

Crosses and beads, Sir Charles will give—  
Thus teach the aspiring soul to live ;  
Instruct her thus, and make her sure,  
With downcast eyes and look demure.

Let all her days most holy pass,  
Confession and the holy mass ;  
Let all be done in holy fear,  
Take care, too, how she doth appear.

Incipient robes now she must wear,  
Nor may we see her curls or hair ;  
A sort of hood, in black or blue,  
With silver buckles on each shoe.

Dear me ! what charms our eyes do greet ;  
How she'll be noticed in the street ;  
Let her be seen in works of love,  
Combine the serpent with the dove.

Now send her forth from door to door,  
Thus let her go and teach the poor ;  
Her mind now many things can reach,  
Of saintly lore she now may preach.

Of holy days and when to fast,  
And saintly legends of the past ;  
In honeyed accents, soft and meek,  
Taught by the church, now let her speak.

Now let her start with stately pace,  
Let can or jug her person grace ;  
Some one may laugh—this, she may see,  
'Twill add to her humility.

So through the street the poor girl goes,  
Walks side by side with many woes ;  
Small good she does, still less she knows ;  
Oft shifts her mind like wind that blows.

Vain oft her life, small her content ;  
Her golden talents thus misspent ;  
Duped by the Priest, she lives and sighs ;  
Duped by the Priest, too oft she dies.



THE PROTESTANT SISTER OF MERCY.

AS SHE EVER HAS BEEN, AND OFTEN IS NOW, AND AS WE  
HOPE SHE EVER MAY BE.



WORKING, honest, tradesman's wife,  
A child of peace, a foe of strife ;  
Christ was her teacher, not the Priest :  
Of saints she thought herself the least.

She loved her husband and her home,  
And very far would seldom roam ;  
Home was to her most hallow'd ground—  
Where work and love did most abound.

Through many sorrows she has past,  
And often felt the stormy blast ;  
But found, like most, affliction's rod  
Had brought her closer to her God ;

Had made His word more sweet and clear,  
Her Saviour's love and words more dear ;  
The house of God a cheering sight,  
And prayer and praise a sweet delight.

Mellowed by sorrow—made to feel,  
She thought and cared for others' weal ;  
And often sought her neighbour's good,  
And sorrow's plaint well understood.

The children by her Father given,  
She sought to train and lead to heaven ;  
These each in turn would call her blest,  
Loved most by those who knew her best.

Christ was her Priest, she knew His love ;  
His blood her hope for joys above ;  
Truth in her heart like fragrance dwelt,  
Not often heard, but ever felt.

In person plain, but clean and neat,  
She claimed no notice in the street ;  
For dress or work to be a sight,  
Her timid heart 'twould quite affright.

Her sins though few that came to view,  
Were oft confessed to ONE she knew ;  
She poured them in no human hear,  
But much she lived in secret prayer.

Good she must do from sweet content,  
Unconsciously, it scarce seemed meant ;  
So quiet, unobtrusively,  
Like sweet angelic ministry.

Yet she was quick, and thrifty too,  
Much work in little time would do ;  
The sick, the poor, she'd oft attend,  
In her they found a patient friend.

Her life, like odour rich and rare,  
Diffused fragrance everywhere ;  
The Cross of Christ vile self did kill—  
Thus she gained strength to do His will.

She died ; was placed in lowly grave ;  
Rites, Priest, or oil, she would not have ;  
Sav'd, happy—not through priestly arts ;  
And canonised in saintly hearts.



O England ! blind, ungrateful too,  
 These sisters oft escape thy view ;  
 Go now to Rome : thou'lt learn ;—ah, when ?  
 'Tis from such women come thy men.

### SIX HOURS' CONFESSION.

“One of the papers in that ritualistic book not long ago published, and presented to Convocation by one of the bishops, is written by a lady—a lady apparently of considerable culture, and of sensitive moral nature. She gives her own experience for twenty or thirty years, I think, among the high Anglican party of the Church. She gives us especially the history of her first confession, which took place in some dark Church in London, and which occupied six hours on two successive days ; and then she tells us how it has fared with her ever since. She writes to commend the system, but the enemies of it could hardly ask for a clearer condemnation of it than is furnished in that history. If any one wishes to see how this perversion of the blessed religion of Christ can spoil the fairest human things, mar the sweet natural order of family life, and derange, by a spirit of sour mistrust, all its social relations, let him read that history.”—*Sermon on Confession and Absolution*, by Rev. A. Raleigh. “Christian World,” 4th Jan., 1867.



HE came, and in her degradation wept,  
 With hollow face and wan ;  
 That hideous sight—a naked heart exposed,  
 And made a God of man !

Oh, pity ! fallen child ! blush ye for shame,  
 Who left her thus to fall ;  
 Had ye no words of truth to hold her up,  
 State preachers one and all ?

What ! in that church—the *only* church say some—  
 Could she no healing find—  
 Or worse—was she within its courts betrayed,  
 And lost her way so blind !

So blind, that six long hours upon her knees !  
Before her Saviour's face ?

Ah, no ! before a trembling culprit like herself,  
She sought, with tears, for grace.

Oh, mercy, Lord ! how long, how long shall blind  
Men lead and crush the poor ;  
How long shall Jesu's blessed name be used  
To close up mercy's door ?

Oh, " poor man's church ! " have ye no teachers true  
To guide sad, stricken hearts,  
To point them to the *One Great Sacrifice*  
Which health and peace imparts ?

Ah, yes ! but for each earnest faithful voice,  
How many spend their breath,  
Seeking to lure the soul with plaintive songs,  
To darkness and to death !

God save our wives and daughters from this snare !  
In mercy, Jesus, save !  
Rather than see one bound by priestly spell,  
We'd look upon her grave.

Ye false betrayers of old England's health,  
With honeyed words and bland ;  
We hold you false ! O that God's breath may sweep  
Your poison from this land !



## BLESSING THE CANDLES.

Among other priestly functions of the Pope is that of blessing candles. It is not long since we read of the Holy Father being thus employed, greatly to the edification of the faithful, no doubt.



WAX candles Rome may bless,  
And bow and turn about ;  
But candles God lights up,  
She tries to snuff them out :  
The light they give her falsehood shows,  
Hence on these lamps she fiercely blows.

Wax candles Rome may bless,  
Much better does she love  
Such light than that which comes  
Pure streaming from above :  
The wax and glimmer all her own,  
Ah ! she will bless with pious moan.

Now mark God's Vicar there  
In sumptuous vestments dressed,  
And listen while he—what ?  
Proclaims the candles blessed !  
Who ever saw in heathen fane,  
A scene more frivolous and vain ?

Wax candles Rome may light—  
She shines but to deceive ;  
*Herself* she'd have men see,  
And all she says believe.  
But oh, that light from heaven's own sun,  
From this she bids her children run.

Wax candles Rome may light,  
To show her bowing Priests,  
Her relics, pictures, crosses, beads,  
And other winking cheats ;  
But naked truth she'd burn or bind,  
Lest it should free the fettered mind.

Wax candles Rome may light,  
And she acts wisely too,  
God's light, if it came in,  
Too much would bring to view ;  
So light the candles, say they're blest,  
For in their glimmer Rome finds rest.

Wax candles Rome may light,  
And then pronounce them blest,  
Her wares these candles show,  
And show them at their best.  
These stately sticks with lighted ends,  
O bless them, Priests, your shining friends !

Light up thy candles, Rome,  
And bless and ring the bell ;  
This light is far the best  
For articles you sell ;  
O bless the candles, veil the sun,  
While many laugh and say "'tis fun."

Light up thy candles, Rome,  
Proud in thy own light walk ;  
Thy character thou canst not hide,  
With all thy pious talk ;  
Thy burning candles still proclaim  
Thy nature and thy aim the same.

Light up thy candles, Rome,  
Raise high thy impious head,  
Faith 'neath thy feet still sees  
Truth bleeding lies and dead ;  
Thy candles blest still fail to hide  
Thy past misdeeds and cruel pride.

Light up thy candles, Rome,  
While yet the day draws near,  
When truth again shall rise,  
And all thy shame appear ;  
And burning wax but weak thou'lt find  
To stay the course of truth and mind.

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### THE JESUITS ARE HERE.



LIKE creeping worms in slime and slush,  
Like sullen owls in ivy bush,  
Like leaven working in the meal,  
Their subtle influence we feel ;  
Like dry rot bringing slow decay,  
Like little sportive lambs at play ;  
Like water running under ground,  
Carrying death to all around ;  
Like air we vainly strive to grip ;  
Or words smooth flowing from the lip ;  
Like sounds we hear, but cannot reach ;  
Like ever-shifting changing speech ;  
Like willow wand which pliant bends,  
And words, though soft, dividing friends ;  
Like fire smouldering without heat,  
Yet burning all beneath our feet :

These Jesuits die, yet ever live ;  
 Their name or home but few can give ;  
 Yonder they are, and here, and there ;  
 Not here ;—and yet—they're everywhere.  
 Lord, save us from their poisoned darts,  
 Their open rage and secret arts.

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### THE CHURCH OF ROME.



MARK well the Church of Rome, and see her stand,  
 Each feature drawn by Christ's unerring hand,  
 Of that Apostate who, with haughty tone,  
 Should curse His people and usurp His throne ;  
 Who, with satanic craft and subtle wiles,  
 Betrays the simple and His church defiles ;  
 Full of deceit she toils, and well prepared  
 She snares ; she foils herself—herself ensnared ;  
 Faith views her work, and guided by God's book,  
 Reads Christ's own judgment in her very look.

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### TO THE YOUNG MEN OF ENGLAND.

“Men of England ! as you value the peace of your homes, as you would preserve inviolate the confidence between yourselves and your wives and your children, as you would guard the liberties secured to you at so great a cost, as you love the freedom and simplicity of the Gospel, let these innovators clearly understand that the seare assumptions which you will not quietly tolerate ; that you will not stand by and see the things you hold most precious, ruthlessly sacrificed at the shrine of priestly ambition.”—“*Priests and Sacraments*,” by J. G. Rogers, B.A.



YOUNG men of England, rise and arm,  
 Up and be doing, sound the alarm,  
 For foes are round us fresh from Rome,  
 E'en now betrayed is many a home.

Rome's legions are already here,  
Though not in helmet, shield, or spear ;  
Disguised our citadel they'd take,  
And hope to stab us e'er we wake.

Blush, England, too, for those who swore  
To lead us in this holy war,  
False they have proved, betrayed their trust,  
And sold their church to Papal lust.

Of sacrifice, which *can* atone,  
We never hear ; but men intone,  
While crosses, candles, colours bright,  
Distract the thoughts and please the sight.

Some dress in tunic and stole,  
And some chant masses for the soul ;  
Some bow and bend—turn to the east,  
And some confess to parish priest.

And some there are with zeal, alas !  
Who find salvation in the mass ;  
While others, too, will boldly say,  
The Reformation's had its day.

If heaven's own mercy we're to win,  
The priest must now forgive our sin ;  
The word of God is little worth ;  
Our only teacher is the church.

Our fathers, wives, and children, too,  
Must ever keep the priest in view ;  
Bow to his word as God's own law,  
And from his smile their comfort draw.

Our sisters, wives, to him must go,  
Unveil their hearts and tell their woe ;  
This sacred man must all things know,  
Or from his lips no peace will flow.

And shall these priests our manhood steal,  
Professing much our moral weal ;  
And while, with pious fraud, they pray,  
Our sacred rights and souls betray ?

Shall these invade our church and home,  
And lead us captive back to Rome ;  
Take from the state their place and pay,  
And barter all our rights away ?

With altars and church millinery  
Beguile us into tyranny ;  
And while their persons they bedeck,  
Beneath Rome's heel place each man's neck ?

Shall laughing boys just fresh from school,  
Our children and our wives befool ;  
With sounding words, mediæval books,  
With plaintive sound and solemn looks ?

Shall sentimental college fops,  
Mediæval trumpery of the shops,  
Each ritualistic, wild extreme,  
Bewitch our senses, make us dream ?

Shall men in amice, alb, and stole,  
With sacred dramas cheat the soul ?—  
Impostors, all, whose proud array,  
Rome spurns as but a vain display.



Oh, shame, young men, arise, arise,  
Up and be strong, by truth and wise ;  
In faith and prayer now take the field,  
Truth for the sword, and faith the shield ;  
Arise, and conquer, never yield !

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## AN APPEAL TO THE GREAT MASTER.



JESUS, by Thy awful death,  
Thy cross and passion, dying breath,  
Thy anguish in Gethsemane,  
Thy bitter cry when on the tree ;  
By all Thy darkness and Thy fears,  
Thy weary path and many tears ;  
By all Thy pains which none can know,  
With which Thy cup did overflow ;  
By all Thy love and all Thy woes,  
Satanic spite and cruel foes ;  
By all the wrongs which Thou didst bear,  
The crown of thorns and cruel spear ;  
Thy dreadful thirst and dying prayer,  
And crown of glory Thou dost wear ;  
By all the weakness of Thy saints,  
And rugged path where reason faints ;  
By Thine own honour, pure and bright,  
And foes with which thy church must fight ;  
By all the malice of the age,  
Satanic schemes and cruel rage ;  
By all the glory Thou must win,  
Thy conquest over hell and sin ;  
O Jesus, hear, in mercy come ;  
Save, Jesus, save this land from Rome,  
And guard, and guide Thy children home.

## COLENSO AND THE BIBLE.



COLENSO says the old book is a myth,  
Moses scarce wiser than Brown, Jones, or Smyth ;  
No men of science can his book receive,  
None but old women can his tales believe.

These "Jewish stars" must now withdraw their light,  
For modern wit and science shine so bright,  
Bishop and clergy now so sorely doubt,  
Their learned breath will surely puff them out.

We hope they won't ! for now these many years  
They've shone up yonder, 'bove these lower spheres ;  
And now in silent beauty they look down,  
Like pity on the follies of a clown.

And who can tell ? Perhaps they'll shine and look  
As though Colenso never wrote a book,  
Or learned babbler said it was a shame,  
They in the heavens so long should shine and reign.

As little children strive to reach the stars,  
While distance laughs and all their efforts mars,  
So learned men oft stretch and talk apace,  
And thus proclaim their childhood and their place.

As little children often talk in dreams,  
And oft to them their prattle wisdom seems,  
So foolish men oft very wise appear,  
Because they talk and soar beyond their sphere.

These "Jewish stars," how is it they will shine  
When Bishops talk and timid Christians whine ?  
What ! dare to shine and show their twinkling face,  
Despite the book and learning of His Grace !

Here learned men, and men who never think,  
Bid them recede, and cease up there to blink ;  
And yet, in spite of all these modern braves,  
They *will* appear ; they'll shine upon their graves.

Well, it is strange that light so far away,  
Should still presume to shine in open day ;  
Our night is gone, our candle shines so bright,  
Old " Jewish stars " no longer give us light.

Strange that these stars should not obey the call  
Of men who are so great —themselves so small ;  
And find some other world just coming out  
Of chaos, darkness, prejudice, and doubt.

To shine on us with colleges and schools,  
As though we were a set of vulgar fools,  
With " Essays and Reviews "—the Chelsea seer—  
And Bishops, too, with money and good cheer.

" They none of them agree ; " well, what of that ?  
They say your light 's not wanted, very pat ;  
You will not take the hint, but stick up there,  
Winking and blinking, without thought or care.

To think that you so calmly there should shine,  
As if our wits had never penned a line,  
Serenely smiling through ethereal space,  
On little insects here, and all their proud grimace.

Oh, if you knew what editors oft write—  
Newspaper kings—you would withdraw your light ;  
But there you are so far away, and seem  
To treat men here as though they did but dream.

O ye calm stars ! ye witnesses of God !  
Age after age still shining on this clod ;  
Though ye have seen such changes here, ye ought  
To pale your lustre now to modern thought.

Oh, if ye could but see our shops, or park !  
So full of poets, statesmen, men of mark !  
We're sure you'd think, and thinking you would say,  
" Our light 's not wanted there," so bright their day.

" A carte-de-visite album !" why you look  
As though you'd never heard of such a book ;  
Well, 'tis our gallery of illustrious men,  
Who fight our battles ; often wield the pen.

" A murderer or two ;" well, do not pine ;  
Now do you think without them *you* could shine ?  
" We have done so these many years ;" ah well ;  
Perhaps you will shine on, we cannot tell.

" Hope for the best ;" well, yes ; but still we fear ;  
" What of the ministers ?" now do you hear ?  
If we should lose their beams, what then ?  
What ! could you shine without these sacred men ?

Perhaps we can ; for many years we've shone,  
Lighting the ancient sages long since gone ;  
And never seen your lamps, however bright,  
Greatly disturb the darkness of the night.

We knew a woman once on whom you shone,  
She's not here now, death kindly fetched her home ;  
She read that Christ was guided by your light,  
And so, poor simple soul, she thought all right.

And "all WAS RIGHT;" for oft in storms of grief,  
These "Jewish stars" shone bright and brought relief,  
And all that Moses said seemed well to fit;  
We'd rather have her faith than Bishop's wit.

And numbers now, though Moses is a myth,  
Would rather follow him than Jones or Smyth;  
Would rather swallow ark, and Jonah's fish,  
Than eat with scoffers from a Bishop's dish.

We think the old Book now more truth contains  
Than lives in many books and learned brains;  
And while despair and falsehood whisper "Come!"  
It lights our path, and helps the weary home.

And Moses too will live and wisely teach,  
When Bishops and their books have ceased to preach;  
And "Jewish stars" all through the night of time  
Will still in silent grandeur live and shine.

Then to these stars we'll look; though much perplex;  
Though sceptics write, and modern prophets vex;  
For if their light should ever leave our skies  
We should not care to see with Bishop's eyes.



## BISHOP COLENZO AND THE ZULU.

"A heathen child, after having embraced the Gospel, said to him, 'How long have they had the Gospel in New England?' When told, she asked with great earnestness, 'Why did they not come and tell us before?' And then added, 'My mother died, and my father died, and my brother died, without the Gospel.' Here she was unable to repress her emotions. But at length, wiping away her tears, she said, 'Where do you think they have gone?' I, too, could not refrain from weeping, and turning to her, inquired, 'Where do you think they have gone?' She hesitated a few moments, and then replied with much emotion, 'I suppose they have gone down to the dark place—the dark place. Oh, why did they not tell us before?' It wrung his heart, as she repeated the question, 'Why did they not tell us before?' They had all heard, he supposed, of the old Bulgarian chief who, when told that his father and mother and all the ancestors of his tribe were burning in hell-fire, declared that he would rather go and burn with them than live in such a gloomy heaven with so inhuman and unjust a being as this God—a very Moloch—whom the missionary spoke of. He had heard substantially the same uttered from the mouth of a Zulu. And he did not hesitate to say that, on this particular point, the ideas of that Teuton and that Zulu were far more orthodox—far more truly Christian—than those of such a missionary, trained though he may have been in schools of Christian theology."—Colenso. From *The Freeman*, May 24.

"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."—Psalm ix. 17.

"And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off; it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that shall never be quenched; where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." Jesus.—Mark ix. 43, 44.



ND so the Bishop wept; ah, well,

The Zulu thought it strange there was a hell!

The Bishop thought so, too, and sighed;

His tears, his bitter tears alone replied.

Had he no tears for God? not one!

None for *himself* for things which he had done?

For truth outraged? had he no fear

For those who falsely swear without a tear?

When told of hell, men often weep,

Because such words disturb their fever'd sleep,

Yet this excites the Bishop's ire;

O wake them not, he pleads with cruel fire.

Christ had some human pity—well?—  
He said, He really did, there was a hell ;  
And men and naughty Bishops, too,  
Must go there if they sin, or lie—Zulu.

The words of Christ no doubt give pain,  
And will to those who barter truth for gain ;  
But still His words we shall repeat,  
Despite a Bishop's tears and scoffers heat.

And yet, poor Zulu, though thy fears  
So pierced thy heart and drew a Bishop's tears,  
Better the words of Christ should prove  
Thy soul, than thou shouldst die of Bishop's love.

Colenso wept, but he would stay,  
Nor leave His Church though she would boldly say  
Things to his shame and heathen's grief,  
For which her gold could bring him no relief.

“DEPART, YE CURSED !” O awful Lord !  
Thy words are life ; they pierce us like a sword ;—  
Yet bring Thy love with bitter tears,  
And save us through our woes and fears.”



# ERRATA.

Page 60—3rd verse, 1st line, for “when” read where.

„ 135—2nd „ 3rd „ “steel” „ steal.

„ 153—3rd „ 5th „ “work” „ worth.









